

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

## NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1867.

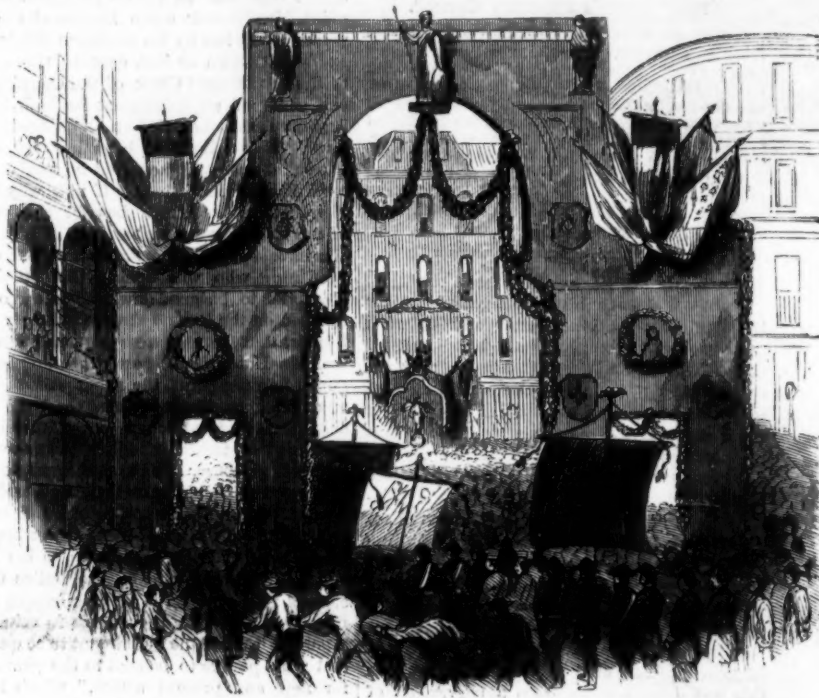
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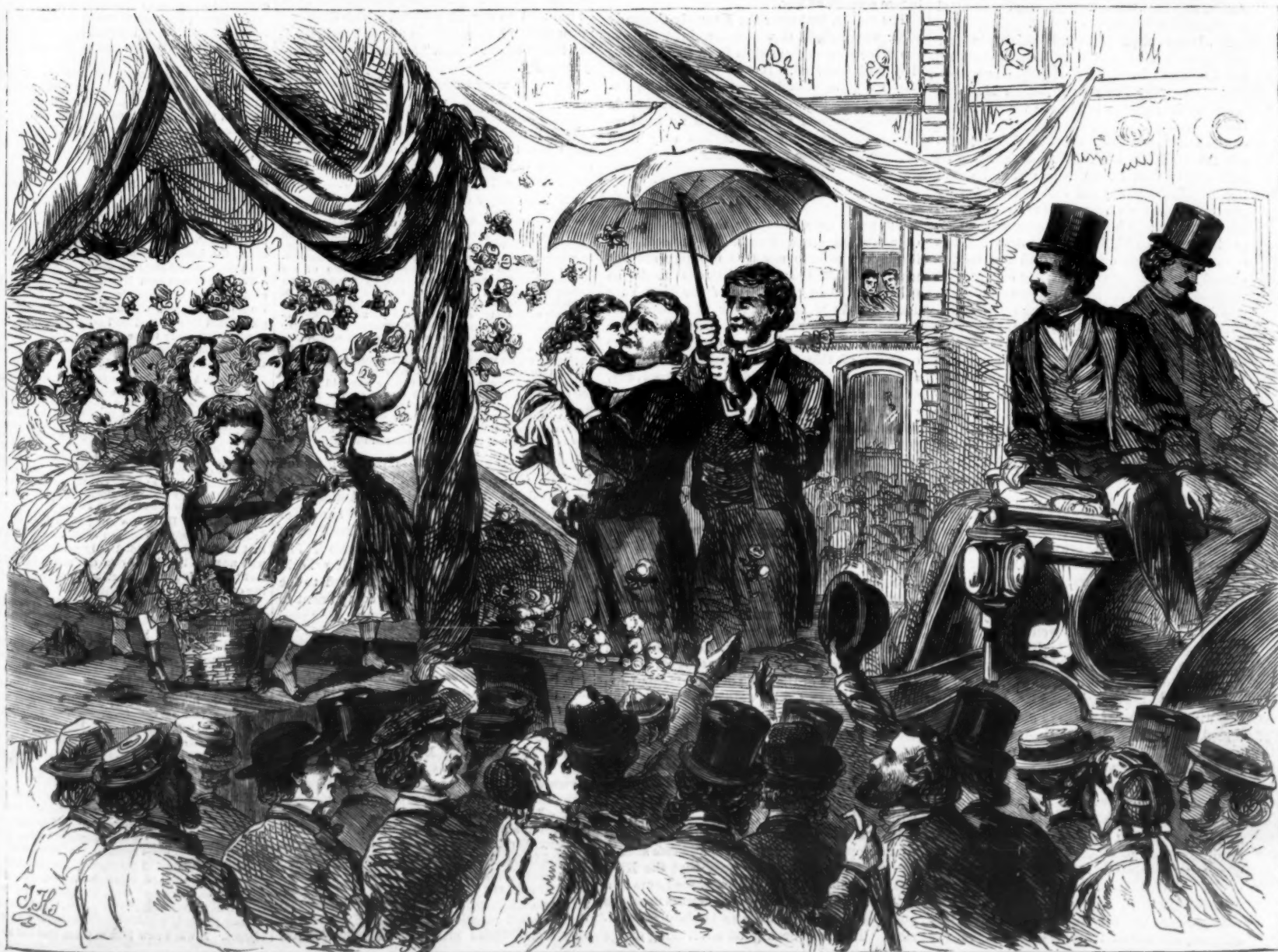
DECORATIONS ERECTED IN BOSTON ALONG THE LINE OF MARCH, ON THE OCCASION OF THE MASONIC CELEBRATION, MONDAY, JUNE 24th.



THE ARCH ON SUMMER STREET.



THE ARCH AT THE CORNER OF DEVONSHIRE STREET AND FRANKLIN.



PRESIDENT JOHNSON RECEIVING A FLORAL TRIBUTE FROM A GROUP OF CHILDREN ON FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, DURING THE MASONIC CELEBRATION, MONDAY, JUNE 24, 1867.—SEE PAGE 268.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
537 Pearl Street, New York.

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NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

NOTICE.

MANUSCRIPTS must in all cases be accompanied with the real name and address of the author, and with stamps for their return, if unacceptable. The utmost care will be taken and all possible expedition used with regard to them; but it must be understood that the Editor is not responsible should a MS. be mislaid or lost. All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

Special Notice.

WITH No. 601 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, we presented No. 1 of National Portrait Gallery, viz., a Portrait of HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, and with No. 605 a Portrait of WENDELL PHILLIPS, being No. 2 of the series. In No. 609 is a full-length portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN. In No. 616 will appear a full-length portrait of ADMIRAL FARRAQUOT.

Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.

GREAT attractions for the new volume of this favorite family paper. With No. 105 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER each purchaser will receive a new and elegant Gift Plate, engraved by Linton for the CHIMNEY CORNER, in the highest style of art, entitled "AGAINST HIS WILL," from the universally admired oil painting by J. G. Brown. In the same number, commencing the Fifth Volume of the CHIMNEY CORNER, is begun a new and exciting SERIAL ROMANCE. As an inducement to the formation of Clubs, we offer as a premium for Thirty Subscribers to the CHIMNEY CORNER a \$55 FAMILY SEWING-MACHINE.

How Not To Do It.

It has frequently been a matter of wonder to simple-minded people how and by what means so many criminals escaped punishment. Arrests without end are made, the culprits are committed by the magistrates, and there the whole case seems to end, so far as justice is concerned. It was only a short time ago that in these columns we expressed a not unnatural surprise that the two policemen whose misconduct was the groundwork of the Kennedy-Connolly controversy were not tried. The Grand Jury had done its duty in finding true bills against them, and it was with a sort of curious wonder that we looked for the next step, which any one in the least versed in the proceedings of our criminal courts might confidently have foreseen was to procure their enlargement. Yet, after all, the way in which this was done was so gross a perversion of the ends of justice, that we think it worth while to lay the details before our readers in such a way that those unacquainted with legal technicalities may understand it.

Mr. Hall is at present our District Attorney, and as such it is his duty to prosecute all criminal cases in which the people are complainants. The law firm of which Mr. Hall is one of the partners is counsel for the Police Commissioners. When, therefore, a case arises of the People against the Police Commissioners, Mr. Hall has to choose which masters he will serve; that is, on which side he will plead. Most persons will think that it is very improper that the services of the people's District Attorney can be retained against the people in a case in which they are interested, but the merits of this question need not be discussed here. It is sufficient for our present purpose to show that such an anomalous practice does exist. In the case of the policemen, Thomas Levis and R. Van Giesen, Mr. Hall elected to fight under the banners of the Police Commissioners. Not directly, however; it would have been too great a breach of official decorum for the District Attorney to have appeared in person against the people. What he did was, to abstain from appearing on their side, and, as is not unusual in such cases, appointed another counsel to argue the case for the Police, and the appointee in this case was Mr. Fullerton.

As the true bill was found by the grand jury on the 27th of February, the trial of the case ought in due course to have come before Judge Russell, who presided at the next Court of General Sessions. There were, however, some good reasons why this judge was not to be allowed to try the case. Some of these are conjectural. Others are matters of fact, well recognized by the profession. But as in both instances they are personal matters, and their discussion involves the imputation of motives of not the most creditable kind, we pass them by, and not the less willingly because we have plenty of ascertained facts to deal with instead. It was determined, then, that the judge succeeding Judge Russell on the bench should try the case, and he happened to be Mr. Recorder Hackett. We had occasion last week to show the profound legal attainments of this judge, and the present case was one in which his erudition was still more largely displayed. Those who remember the last election, by which Mr. Hackett attained his present eminent position, and are familiar with the wire-pulling by which his nomination was effected, will not fail to understand the peculiar

relations existing between the District Attorney and the Recorder.

The curse of the elective judiciary is that it not unfrequently places a judge in a false position toward the bar. Theoretically a judge knows as much or more about law than the lawyers who plead before him. If he does not, how is he to decide what value is to be attached to the conflicting arguments he hears? He must go to some one for instruction on the doubtful points, and to whom shall he so naturally turn as to the friends who nominated him, and carried through his election?

There was no doubt on the mind of any one that if these policemen were brought to trial they would be convicted. If convicted, not they alone would be condemned, but the action of the Police Superintendent who had outrageously defied the law in their defense would receive a severe rebuke. But they were destined never to be tried, and the way their trial was evaded was this: an objection to the form of the indictment, legally called a demurrer, was interposed by the counsel of the defendant, and the argument as to whether or not the indictment was good came up before Recorder Hackett. In giving judgment on this point, Mr. Hackett again irradiated the dark places of the law by his luminous intellect, for he laid it down as law, quoting the opinion of the experienced Clerk of the Court, that if one count of an indictment be bad, the defendant cannot be tried at all on that indictment. It has hitherto been believed that if one count was good, he might be tried on that, regardless of the others. If not, why are so many counts set forth but for the purpose of meeting every possible form of objection? We have not found a single member of the profession who will uphold this opinion of Hackett's to be good law, and it can only be excused on the ground that he was only a performer, that the real prompter was behind the scenes. But without going into any legal argument on the point, the result shows that it was a foregone conclusion that these policemen should not be tried before Judge Russell, who could not be trusted to allow their escape on any such pretense. This trial was postponed till the Recorder should be on the bench, and as his reputation as a lawyer could not be affected by any judgment he might give, it was hoped he might give a decision pleasing to his friend Mr. Hall and his clients, the Police Commissioners in fact, but the two policemen in appearance. Nor was their hope in vain. The Recorder ordered the indictment to be quashed, and "the papers to be sent to the grand jury for new and prompt action," which is only another name for smothering the affair, which as a criminal case will never again appear before a court of law.

The fact is, that after the Kennedy-Connolly affair was ended, it was determined to save the subordinates if possible from the penalties they had incurred. It was managed in the way we have stated. Justice has been defrauded, the rights of the people been set aside to gratify private interest, and if no legal reputations have suffered, it has only been because there were none at stake.

Flunkysim.

THERE is an old saying that no man was ever written down except by himself, and it may be safe to say that nowhere are our manners, habits and institutions made so ridiculous as in the *détails* of the New York *Herald*. As a mere matter of amusement, though perhaps rather of a dreary kind, we would recommend any one to go through the columns of this "great family newspaper," and collect the instances during the space, say, of a month, of gross historical and geographical ignorance, and of palpable though indirect self-laudation, larded with touches of blasphemy and something worse. The collection would be a rich one, and if published separately might serve to open the eyes of those who look upon it as an organ of public opinion.

But where the *Herald* shines most is in its foreign (so-called) correspondence, and if the persons who write it, or get it up, retail to foreigners the same distorted news of this country as they send to us of the countries they are supposed to write from, it is no wonder that the United States do not grow in esteem abroad. Thus the public is informed lately in a letter from Berlin that at a ball given in honor of the King of Prussia, Madame Ristori and her family were present, and the King conversed with her for two or three hours, and was much impressed with Madame's exalted opinion of America and its great future. "Our special reporter" is presumed to have been present, and to have seen all this. No doubt Ristori was very much impressed with the wealth of this country. At all events she took away some solid tokens of it. But that any person of ordinary intelligence should be imposed on by the nonsense that the King of Prussia listened for two or three hours at a ball to the chatter of a foreign actress upon the politics of the United States is simply impossible. This may be a good advertising dodge

for Ristori if she returns here, but as veracious history, it is absurd. Fancy the Emperor of Russia listening for three hours to Charlotte Cushman's impression of Italy, or Dan Bryant instructing Napoleon III. on the politics of Brazil, or Mr. Johnson conversing with the Japanese jugglers on the state of society in New Granada! What does our accredited Minister to Berlin, Mr. Bancroft, say to the novel medium of disseminating political influence as described by one of the mongrel tribe of the *Herald's* special correspondents?

Pecksniffe.

ARE there any men in Bridgeport? Has the "Woman's Suffrage" question obtained so great a hold on the folks there, that the fair sex are already encroaching on the prerogatives of the unfair? Was there nobody, in the absence of Mr. Barnum, to do the proper honors to the President and his satellites besides a presumed Mason, who is described as having "tipped the wink" to Mr. Johnson, uttering some unintelligible jargon about "top-stones," and getting for reply a mysterious hint as to "foundations"? Did the leading men of the place shrink back, knowing beforehand that the President was about to be served with the peck of dust which, it is said, all men must at one time or another eat? If the first magistrate of a great republic could be supposed to blush, it must surely have been when Mrs. District Columbia Peck heaped such a measure of undeserved praise upon his head, as the "special reporters" have described. Presenting a bouquet, Mrs. D. C. Peck, we are told, "accompanied it by a note, telling Mr. Johnson he was the successor of Washington, Jefferson and Jackson"—she might have added, "and many others"—and that "having thrust aside unlimited power"—when and by whom offered is not stated—"he sought only to heal the wounds of his unhappy country."

This may be presumed to be the female Connecticut view of the late stifling of the Congressional Reconstruction plans, or if it be considered a cute way of drawing a speech from the President, the name of his admirer suggests that it was the "woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree" head of Mr. Johnson, but without the usual success of the grub-hunter. The immortal William writes of those who "wear their hearts upon their sleeves for daws to peck at;" but Mr. Johnson is evidently not one of this open-hearted kind, and is not to be made a victim to any such peccadilloes.

We trust a little quiet reflection will convince the volunteer spokeswoman for the Nutmeg State that in discussing politics she is usurping a place more properly filled by husbands, however henpecked they may be, and that she may be induced to cry out *peccavi*, which does not mean that "I have pecked at the President," but that "I have sinned" against true womanly modesty.

Fetes in Paris.

THE present concourse of sovereigns in Paris has naturally given occasion for some brilliant balls at the Tuilleries. Of one of these on the 10th ult., we read in *Galignani's* (Paris) *Messenger* of the 11th:

"A splendid *fête*, for which great preparations had been made, was given last night at the Tuilleries in honor of the sovereigns. The invitations were limited in number, only amounting to about 800. A communication had been made between the saloons of the chateau and the reserved gardens by means of an immense staircase, similar to that in the Palace of Fontainebleau, and the whole scene was illuminated by garlands of gas and electric lights of all colors, producing the most brilliant effect. All the trees were hung with luminous globes, and a gigantic sun of gas was placed in the Grande Avenue. The old theatre of the Tuilleries, which was never used, had been transformed into an immense festive hall adorned with natural flowers, and there a splendid supper was laid out for 400 persons, whilst another was served in the Galerie de Diane, the end of which had been fitted up as a conservatory filled with the choicest exotic plants. An immense crowd thronged the neighborhood the whole evening to witness the illuminations in the gardens."

Some of the other Paris papers give the lists of those honored with invitations and presented to the sovereigns. Among the Americans present we notice the names of General Dix, F. A. P. Barnard, President of Columbia College, and Mrs. Barnard, Mr. Frank Leslie, and Mrs. Budd, of New York. We look on the honor thus extended to the proprietor of this journal as a compliment to the Illustrated Press of this country.

CHANGES IN THE MOON.—One of the lunar craters, which astronomers call the Mare Serenitatis, though there is not a particle of water in it, has suddenly disappeared. As this circumstance still causes much surprise and comment, the following additional circumstances may be of interest: On the 17th November, 1866, M. Jules Schmidt, Director of the Observatory at Athens, announced that the crater Linus was no longer visible. Now this crater has been several times observed to change: on the 6th of November, 1786, by Schröter; on the 26th of May, 1823, by Lohrmann; on the 12th of December, 1831, by Beer and Maedler; on the 22d February, 1853, by De la Rue, and on the 4th of October, 1865, by Rutherford of New York. In his "Fragments of Lunar Topography" Schröter marked Linus by a dark patch, and in 1797 Russell left it out altogether. As it happens, this very crater, which measured about 25,000 feet

across, had been used as a fixed point of the first order by Lohrmann and Maedler in their survey of the moon's surface. We have already stated that this "fixed point" now presents the appearance of a whitish patch, unaccompanied by any shadows. It cannot, therefore, admit of a doubt that the moon's surface is still subject to the occurrence of those radical changes which, in the course of countless centuries, have given our earth its present superficial shape. But what is the nature of these changes? M. Schmidt is not of opinion that they could be referred to an eruption of volcanic vapors or ashes, because the shadows of the wreath of smoke thus produced would not fail to be projected on the plain both at sunrise and sunset. Nor could the crater have sunk in, because in that case much stronger shadows would be visible during the phases. There might have been an eruption of liquid or pulverulent matter, and the crater thus filled up without overflowing. Then, indeed, the inner shadow of the crater would have disappeared, but the outer one remained. If, on the other hand, the liquid matter had overflowed, and surrounded the mountain with an insensible declivity, the outer shadow would have disappeared likewise, and this seems really to have been the case.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE Fourth of July has come and gone, and another year is added to the history of the country. In less than ten years it will be a century since the famous declaration proclaiming our independence was issued. As the political economists count, this will have made us a nation for three generations, and though this is a short time in the history of a nation, yet it is enough, it would seem, to entitle us to some feeling of confidence in our stability. Still, however, the democratic idea is considered an experiment in Europe. And though our Government since it was established has really been the most stable in the world, has been most evenly and regularly administered, has met with less shocks than any other, and has overcome such obstacles with greater ease, yet still the tory party all over the world has always been and is still looking for its thorough fall and overthrow.

This is particularly the case in England. If there is one pet idea of an Englishman, it is that there is a certain element of stability about the institutions of his country which is not to be met with elsewhere. The slow but certain growth of the oak is a pet simile with them for describing the growth of their institutions, and the almost incorruptible stability of the timber thus slowly matured is supposed by them to be equally typical of the qualities of their constitution in particular.

One of the reasons of this wide-spread opinion is, that it has been and is constantly asserted in the most positive manner by all writers and speakers, until it has finally come to be an accepted article of belief; as constant and reiterated assertion will finally establish a certain amount of popular confidence in any quack medicine, or political dogma, pretty much regardless of the virtue or the truth of either.

There can be no question that the overwhelming majority of the Southern people really believed in the superior stability of slavery over freedom, a few years ago, and probably the incorrigible ones believe it still. There are always a number of such persons, who must be considered as the friction to be overcome in the movement of the wheels of Government. There are quantities of them in England, but fortunately even there the motive power is strong enough to overcome their resistance. Now the facts are that the history of England shows as sudden and violent changes as that of any nation.

The change to the commonwealth was as complete a revolution as ever took place, while the reversion to kingdom was equally so. And again the change of dynasty, with the advent of the House of Orange, was another as startling a change. The first were sudden and abrupt revolutions in society, the last was a change of rulers, but all these are generally overlooked or ignored by Englishmen who boast of the stability of their institutions. In fact, however, if there is one thing which the average Englishman is ignorant of, it is the history of his country. He is stolidly confident that it is all right, and sublimely indifferent concerning that of every other land. There is the Bank, and Parliament, the London Times and the Royal Family, and what more would any man want?

To this average man it must have been startling to read the recent leader in the *Times* concerning the House of Lords, in which the writer more than suggested that this learned and revered body were not in any way necessary to the well-being of the State. Nay, more, the audacious theorizer actually says as much, as will be seen from the following extract:

"We must save the Peers from suicide, if not for their own sake, at any rate for ours. The abolition of peers and the establishment of a quorum are indispensable steps, but by themselves they would be of no account sufficient. If the House of Peers is to be of any use, it should be made to discharge the duties and to carry with it the weight of a Senate. The necessity is pressing, if those high functions of legislative and political duty so nobly won, so long exercised, and now, as it would seem, about to be so tamely and so listlessly, not to say so meanly and so ingloriously abandoned, are to be preserved for the House of Peers."

What next? Here is a suggestion that the highest deliberative body in England should model itself upon that of a nation founded only yesterday, and which with none of the stability so characteristic of English institutions, is still an experiment, and a most bewildering one at that.

We seem to have fallen into a period of history when changes are the order of the day. The latter end of the nineteenth century will, it appears, be as rich as the end of the eighteenth in the realization of speculations in government and social order, which the conventionalists consider sheer madness and anarchy, and destined to irretrievably uproot the foundations of society. But as we have already gone through some such experiences, and as the foundations of society are men and women, it is most probable that society will remain as long as they do, and that the better they are acquainted with their needs, the better they will organize their relations.

The Board of Health have finally discovered that they have the power to introduce a great many most necessary reforms in the management of the real estate in this city, and it appears that they are setting resolutely to work to make them realities. A good deal of their work last summer in improving the condition of the tenement houses, and other nuisances, was interfered with by the owners of such property. The landlords had, by long impunity, come to consider that the right to their property included the right to do with it as they pleased. It was a new idea to them that the owners



of a house did not of necessity imply the right to make it a nest for fever and infection, if it so suited their pockets. But now that the courts have upheld the Board of Health, it is to be hoped that this body will go on in their good work. One of the best things they could do, would be to publish a list of the owners of the tenement houses in this city. It would be startling to the public to learn who are the men who own these nests of fever, and the condition in which they are kept. The Board, in its work last summer, and in this, have the materials for almost a complete list of this kind. Let the public know who are the men who draw large incomes from houses which are so devoid of all accommodation for decent living, and so negligently looked after that the Board was obliged to disinfest and clean them. A list of the snits they have brought for the expenses incurred in such work would be most instructive to the public, and by rousing public opinion, might have such an effect upon the owners of such property, as perhaps to shame them into a little decent humanity.

#### Amusements in the City.

A sight to be had gratis, is the daily procession through the streets of the Arab troupe, now performing at the French Theatre. Taking kindly to Western civilization, these borderers of the Hadramaut wear boots of the true Bowery conviction, when off duty. Hadji Lounsen vaults every night over a squad of twenty-six musketeers, whose guns are loaded. This young man, we venture to say, would leave a somersault over twenty-six barrels of Bourbon whiskey warranted to stay at forty rods. El Majoun carries twelve men on his head and shoulders, and offers a bonus of \$10,000 to any other man, white or colored, who will perform the same feat. Don't all speak at once. There is some good trapezing by the Campomanes brothers, and the light vaudeville pieces of Mr. and Mrs. Gomersal and company give variety to the nightly entertainments at this house.

We are writing these notes on Friday, June 28th, which makes us correct in saying that "Shamus O'Brien" has held its run at Wallack's during the present week. By the time these scraps of theatrical gossip come before you, kind reader, "The Bells of Shandon" will have had two nights' tolling at the same theatre. From what we hear of this new play, which is the joint work of Messrs. Brougham and Morford, and the prologue of which was written specially by a well-known dramatist of this city, we think that we may predict for it a cheerful success. Mr. Bryant's first benefit came off here this evening, June 28th.

And at the Olympic, on the first day of the week in which this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER goes forth from the press, appears Mr. B. De Walden's new play, called "British Neutrality," mounted with new scenery and stage accessories. More about this piece next week. We have a natural heart about giving a decided opinion about a play until after we have seen it at least once. "Treasure Trove" is still on the boards of the Olympic while we pen these lines. More appropriate to the season than the lava and hot core piece recorded by us last week as holding the stage at Barnum's, is "The Sea of Ice," which has remained upon the bills of that place of amusement during the week ending June 29th. At the present writing the steamship Iowa is momentarily expected to loom up in our harbor through the warm summer haze. She, the leviathan of the water, bears in her best state, General Tom Thumb and wife, Miss Minnie Warren and Commodore Nutt; and this gay little troupe will form a summer attraction at the Museum for some weeks.

At Barnum's, the last week of June has been mustered out with the operatic drama of "Rob Roy." The usual afternoon and evening entertainments are given in the Lecture-Room.

Miss Lucille Western has been playing at the Broadway, during the past week, in the drama of "Oliver Twist." Her "Nancy Sykes" is perhaps, the strongest impersonation in her repertoire of characters. The business management of the Broadway is in the hands of Mr. W. A. Moore, no long and favorably known in this city by his association with Niblo's.

And speaking of that time-honored "Garden," we are reminded of what is hardly worth mentioning, so much as it comes now to be considered a matter of course, viz.: the spectacular, terpsichorean and pyrotechnical production, "The Black Crook," has glided from the autumn, through the winter, and into the summer, without any apparent exhaustion of management, muscle or music. Mr. W. Wheatley is, we believe, traveling in Europe, and we may say. Script and staff for the traveler are both combined in that "Black Crook."

The fair equestrienne, Kate Fisher, has been careered on her wild (and yet thoroughly trained) steed, up the rocky ledges at the Bowery during the week that passed. "Maxiepa" and horse are a team in themselves. A terpsichorean assistance is given at this house nightly, by Miles, Anita, Zanzetta and Rosenberg, "from the London theatres."

The weird visage of "Mephistopheles," red as his proper fire-place, yet glowing at the public from the posters in front of the New York Theatre, "Faust," will probably keep its place for a week or two longer. An Irish drama, "written expressly for Miss Jennie Worthell," is announced as being in preparation at this house.

With this week the San Francisco Minstrels made their disappearance from New York for a brief spell, opening at Washington, on Monday, July 1st.

Away up Broadway, at No. 1,193, near Twenty-eighth street, are Ferraro's New York Assembly Rooms, lately opened as a place of popular entertainment. This last week of June a certain Professor Logrenia, "the great ambidexter prestidigitateur," has been giving varied performances there. He plays off illusions in a manner more or less feebly, but for those who are more advanced, are the tricks performed by his learned canaries and a well-educated Russian cat. White mice, of greater or less intelligence, contribute to the harmony of the entertainments, which are instructive as well as amusing. A micro-stereoscopescope is also manipulated here.

Last week we omitted to record a pleasant event which took place at Messrs. Steinway's Rooms, on the evening of Friday, June 21st. The occasion was the presentation to Mr. George F. Bristow of a portrait of himself, painted by W. B. Irwin. Mr. Bristow has done much and labored lovingly for the advancement of musical taste in this community, and the demonstration was a graceful and well-merited one.

Last, though not least, of our city amusements, are Theodore Thomas's nightly concerts at Bernet's Terrace Garden. When we miss well-known faces from the theatres these sultry nights, we feel safe in guessing that they are to be seen among the Terrace crowd.

Throughout the first week of July, the Japanese troupe will give their performances regularly at the Academy of Music, with little "All Right" in his resuscitated vigor. This will be their last appearance for the present in New York.

#### LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, June 16, 1867.

The Exposition—Mean Monopoles—American Department—The Whistler Gallery—Caricature of President Lincoln—Longitudinal Art—Opening of the Shooting Season—The Affairs of the Emperor Alexander—Accurate Report of the Colloquy between the Emperor Alexander and the Emperor Napoleon—Decline of the French People—The Cause—Some Solid Facts—Seriousity of the Paris Press—The "Guided Driftwood of Kings"—The Emperor of Mexico—The Viceroys of Egypt—The Grand Turk—Magnificent Presents—The Emperor of France and the Sultan of Turkey Relations—The Profits of Selling the Lives of the Lord's Anointed—Paris Described by Parisians—Needless Incognito—The Emperor's Liberty—The Theatre—Ristori—Sothern—How it is proposed to Sound the Djon and Beat the Heavys—Favorable Prospects of the Crops—Rumored Visit of President Johnson—Yankee Snobs Rebuffed.

The Great Exhibition is now probably as nearly complete as it ever will be, and there is no more building going on, except a little in the American Department, which has been consistently behind all the others. It has been visited by hundreds of thousands of more or

less interested and intelligent people, and has been "honored" (so the papers say) by the visits of no inconsiderable number of crowned heads of "the first class," to say nothing of a cloud of Serene Highnesses, Princes and titled personages generally. Financially, I believe, it is already a success. That is to say, it has returned or certainly will return all its cost, with a probable profit of a hundred per cent. or more to those who invested in it. It would naturally be supposed that the utmost Grand Expositions would aspire to financially would be to cover cost. It is not generally supposed that they are intended as contrivances for squeezing or seducing money out of the public, but rather to stimulate and encourage art and industry for the benefit of the public, and with the least possible demand on the public's pocket. Such has been in theory and practice the organization and conduct of all the earlier World's Fairs. The French concern, however, started and is kept up on a different principle, with a distinctly sordid purpose. Everything in and about it has been organized into a monopoly, for which certain sums have to be paid. The right of supplying chairs, even, has been let, so that a seat cannot be introduced or used by anybody for any purpose without the consent of the Jew who has "the exclusive right" of furnishing chairs, and who makes everybody pay for the privilege of sitting down. Another person has the "exclusive right" of photographing or making drawings of objects in the Exposition, so that exhibitors themselves must pay for drawings of their own articles. It is said several artists have been arrested for turpitude and inadvertently using their pencils. No "studies" of character, noses, necks or ankles can be permitted in this be-monopolized establishment, where the motto is that of the horse-leech, "Giveli giveli giveli!" A more disgusting system of swindling than prevails throughout the Exposition it is impossible to conceive, and it is in perfect keeping with the whole concern, which is nothing but a Big Bear Show, in which Sovereigns and Savages are equally exhibited. To call it an Exposition of the Industry of all Nations is a gross misnomer. I believe nobody has been very much startled by the novelties in the American Department, except in the section supposed to be that of the Fine Arts, but which is known now as the "Whistler Section." This section has been taken by a gentleman, from Baltimore we believe, by the name of Whistler, who has kindly permitted the American Commissioners to put up a few paintings by Church, Bierstadt, Gifford and Leutze. To do this he was at the trouble of sending some of the fruits of his prolific genius—he works with a white wash brush in one hand and a far-brush in the other—the French Yearly Exposition. The *Pantheon de l'Industrie des Arts* has the following notice of the "Whistler Section."

"The United States occupy on the right of the Exhibition a surface of 9,867 square metres. The Americans, who sent nothing to the first two Exhibitions, who in 1862 only occupied an insignificant space in the Cromwell-road Palace, seem this year to have had their pride somewhat roused. Their exhibition is really remarkable and contains many articles which, by reason of their improvements, are entitled to the praise of superiority over others of the same class.

We must, however, admit that this opinion does not extend to works of art. The extreme right of the English picture-gallery has been set apart for the Americans. Among the seventy-five pictures exhibited it is in vain to seek for a single remarkable work. Though there are some rather happily conceived, there are many mediocrities, and some few positively 'amusing.' As we do not wish to be accused of writing with a 'parti pris,' we would advise such of our readers as have not forgotten the 'salon des refusés' to pause in the rue d'Airique before the picture entered in the catalogue as 'The White Girl,' by Whistler. We will not attempt any description of it, but will leave the curious the enjoyment of a surprise.

Nobody has yet undertaken any description of the "White Girl." It is quite unlike anything on the earth, in the earth, under the earth, and (let us devoutly hope) unlike anything in the heavens above the earth. It has its horrible counterpart, however, in "The Black Man" in the next room, by Mr. W. M. Hunt, of Boston, and which the catalogue tells us is a "portrait of Abraham Lincoln!" That excellent man suffered much gross abuse, vituperation and caricature during life, and had a right to hope for better things after death. Mr. Hunt must have painted this picture after the descriptions of Lincoln as long current in the Richmond papers, where the wildest characterization of the President was "Illinois baboon." Mr. Lincoln was not what ladies would call a handsome man, but he was "uncommon fair for an Indian," and certainly was not a negro nor a chimney-sweep. If he had been a few feet taller, he might have aspired to hold his head nearly as high as Mr. Hunt's Italian "Flasher Boy," which is another extensive work, a portrait of a lad who grew a race with Jack's bean-stalk, and is supposed to be engaged to Whistler's "White Girl," who, herself, was born on the equator, where all is longitude, and latitude is nil.

Appropos of portraits, Healy has achieved the difficult task of painting a portrait of General Sherman on the back of a knife-drawer. The result has been put on canvas, but the way the work was originally done is yet obvious. It is very curious.

You will, no doubt, be assured by the telegraph that the attempt on the life of the Czar threw all Paris into paroxysms of excitement, and that every countenance was blank with astonishment, or corrugated with horror. Nothing of the sort. Not one in a thousand of the population, resident or floating, of the city, knew aught of the affair until they read of it on the following day, and then they received the intelligence with a composure hardly consistent with any deep interest in the Russian Emperor. France owes much to the Pole, who have freely shed their blood in her quarrels, and there is, besides a large and influential Polish social circle in Paris, a general and deep popular sympathy with the Poles. It required all the exertions of the Government and the influence of the leading Poles themselves, to prevent very striking manifestations of displeasure on the part of the people against the Czar. With every precaution, nevertheless, the Emperor Alexander never appeared in public without being compelled to bear such insults as may be conveyed in cries more or less general of "Vive Pologne!"

There are some incredulous people who look upon all the world as a stage, and all the people players, and who insist that there was no shooting at all in the Bois de Boulogne, or that if there was, the whole affair was a theatrical trick, intended to arrest public sympathy and excite public admiration on behalf of the "august personages" who played the part of targets, while showing that the Lord interposes specially and visibly in behalf of monarchs. They predict that the young Pole, the would-be assassin, will be let off ultimately, and probably get a good pension for the loss of his hand.

You will observe that the papers are full of the sentimental and sensational expressions exchanged between the French and Russian Emperors in their carriage, when it was ascertained that nobody was hurt. The papers are all wrong. This is precisely what was said: Alexander, thinking the bullet was intended for Napoleon, relaxed his grim brow, and exclaimed:

"Universal suffrage!"

Napoleon, smiling blandly, and bowing, retorted: "No, Poland!"

Whereupon his cousin of Russia bit his lip and observed, that although the day was fine, there seemed to be a little frost in the air. If you do not believe this was the exact colloquy, why, get Mr. Seward to make inquiries on the subject.

It is not long ago that a Frenchman, more matter-of-fact than usual, took a reef in the comb of the Gallic cock, by showing, through the most indubitable statistics, that the French were gradually becoming the smallest and puniest people in Europe. He attributed this result to low diet, and particularly to the conscription, which forced the greater part of the able-bodied, tallest and best proportioned young men into the army, where they ceased to be propagators of children in any legitimate way, and out of which they came, if at all, with bad habits, ailments, diseases generally, and altogether unfit to become the fathers of families, even when so inclined, which was seldom. The task of replenishing the population, and keeping up the race, therefore, devolved mainly on those of low physique, not good enough to be made food for powder and camp diseases. The result, the writer contended, is to be

seen in the stunted forms and lack of muscular power which have got to be characteristic of Frenchmen, and which only a few years ago led to a considerable lowering of the standard of height and of development of chest required for admission to the army. Every railway contractor in France will testify that an English navvie will do more work in a day than two ordinary Frenchmen.

This matter has lately come up again in a little different form, in connection with the proposed increase of the French army. The Emperor, in advocating his scheme, which is by no means popular, paraphrased the famous saying of his uncle, "The Lord is on the side of the heavier battalions," by "A nation's power depends on the number of men it can bring under arms." To this not very novel or startling proposition, a French philosopher has been found bold enough to reply, and eke to print his reply in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: "Most true, oh Solomon! But to have soldiers, you must have men. Organize your great army, and you will destroy the race. You will have one grand army, no doubt, of idlers and non-producers, consuming their own lands and menacing those of others. But, oh monarch, where will the next grand army come from?"

And the philosopher who seems to think more of the permanence of the French people than the aggrandizement of one man, albeit a Napoleon, goes to work in a cold-blooded way to show that under her existing military system, which it is proposed to make more stringent and comprehensive, France, in respect of population, is almost stationary, and by no means keeps up with the rest of Europe, slowly as that progresses. Hence France becomes daily less important relatively to her neighbors. Thus Denmark and Sweden double their population in sixty-three years; Spain and Norway in fifty-seven; Russia in sixty-six; Greece in forty-four; England in fifty-two; Prussia in fifty-four; while it takes France 198 years to double her! At this rate of increase, how will Prussia and France stand at the end of half a century, especially if the evil effects of the existing French military system come to be aggravated by the proposed change, which will literally sweep all the able-bodied men of France into the army for seven years, or during that period when most likely to marry and most capable of reproduction?

If France persists in her rôle of a great military nation, she will keep up the empty distinction at the cost of her national life. Germany, and there is now, thank God, a Germany, wisely determines to maintain her character of a martial nation—that is, a nation with its force so organized as to be available and efficient for war, but at the same time productive in peace. The camp of her soldiery, is, for the most part, in their homes, on their farms, and among their families; not in hot, crowded, and pestilential barracks. And let us here say, shown that called suddenly thence, they are fit to cope in the field against the battalions ennobled by idleness, and effete and spiritless from confinement and wearying routine.

Our interest as to what France or Germany may or may not do, is perhaps not very great. After what has passed in Mexico, we fancy the spectacle of a European army on American soil will be rare indeed. But as members of the community of nations we must regret a tacitly which is likely to extinguish a nation like France, to which we are so greatly indebted for feminine glimmers, good wine, scientific fancies and dancing-masters, to say nothing of the lofty style of literature known as "yellow-covered." On the whole, therefore, we do not commend the new law on conscription. The manner in which the official journals seek to cover up and disguise the failures of the Emperor in Mexico and Europe, by a parade of the mock tribute of kings to the "glory" of France, as exhibited in the show of the Champs de Mars, is well illustrated in the following passage from the *Moniteur* (Government organ):

"Prince Humbert, oldest son of Victor Emmanuel, arrived on the 9th. Previously had come the Emperor of Russia; three Kings, William of Prussia, the King of Belgium, and the King of Greece. Two Queens, her of Belgium, and the Queen of Portugal. Six hereditary Princes or Heirs-apparent; the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke of Russia, the Prince Royal of Prussia; Humbert of Savoy; the Prince of Orange, and Oscar of Sweden. And more are coming."

Nothing is said of the probable or possible arrival of the protégé of France, the Emperor of Mexico. Thus far Alexander of Russia stands first and alone in the list of emperors.

The Viceroy of Egypt is here. As yet nothing has been said of the feminine department of the "illustrious visitors." The President of the Republic, the King of the Belgians, the King of Greece, the King of the Belgians, her of Belgium, and the Queen of Portugal. Six hereditary Princes or Heirs-apparent; the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke of Russia, the Prince Royal of Prussia; Humbert of Savoy; the Prince of Orange, and Oscar of Sweden. And more are coming."

One of the most forcible appellations in the English language, or any other, is that of "lick-spittle." The Paris press just now deserves the full application of the term. Thus we read: "Abdul-Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, is coming to Paris. He is a relative of the Emperor. In 1788 Mademoiselle De Rivry, a young creole of Martinique, sixteen years of age, embarked for France to obtain her education. By stress of weather, the vessel was obliged to bear toward Gibraltar, and was captured by Algerian pirates. The young lady was of such extraordinary beauty that the Bey of Algiers thought her too precious for himself, and sent her to the Sultan, Selim III., in Constantinople, over whose heart her charms soon established an absolute dominion. When General Sebastian went to Constantinople as Minister of France in 1808, the British fleet threatened to attack the Golden Horn. Consternation prevailed everywhere, and all, except the Creole Sultana, were overcome with fear. She, however, incited the Sultan to exertion, and under her influence such defenses were erected that the English declined to attack the Mohammedan capital. The young Sultana, Mademoiselle De Rivry, was first cousin of the Empress Josephine, who was the mother of Hortense, who was the mother of Napoleon III."

And we wish the Emperor joy of all the glory to be got from this somewhat problematical story.

The fortunate young man who got his horse hurt and no end of "orders" in the affair of shooting the Emperor of Russia in the Bois de Boulogne was already very well to do in the world; he was the heir of coal mines, which, if not good *per se*, were good for France, where wood sells at about the same price per pound with bread; but now he has something in the way of "hard cash," or its equivalent. The grateful Empress of Russia has sent his wife \$60,000 worth of diamonds, which she will probably accept, although the young gentleman himself declined a money compensation for his services, whatever they were. This saving the life of the Czar is a good business. The last man previously made a noble and burdened with cash for a similar service. It will become a question, if the present so-called assassin is let off, whether there be not an understanding between the shooter and the saviour, whereby a fair division of the profits is to be effected. Who knows if the "illustrious victims" themselves are not parties to the nice little by-play, which illustrates the turbulence of democracies, justifies their stern repression, makes kings and emperors notorious, and, above all, proves that "Providence has princes in His special keeping!"

An evening journal exclaims: "Paris is no longer Paris! It is estimated that six hundred thousand

persons, if not absolutely strangers, not ordinarily here, now encumber the streets, the conveyances and the cafés. The Parisians themselves are leaving, as home is no longer enjoyable." And all the *habitués* of Paris are leaving, for they, too, feel more amiably even than the Parisians themselves, that Paris now is only a Babel, or rather a den of thieves.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin (whoever his proximity may be) came here day before yesterday incognito. The modesty of this grand personage might be commendable in ordinary times, but the coarser *gown* would now disdain to stir to see anything less than a king. Grand dukes, Yankies and Hot-tentoids are "of no account." Even Giffard, late President of Hayti, described as "a tall and good-looking negro with (what a redeeming feature!) a white beard," doesn't make a sensation. Yet grand dukes put on airs!

Who says the Emperor is not liberal as well as considerate? He has raised the wages of his soldiers four-fifths of a cent a day until the end of the year, in consequence of the rise in the price of provisions.

The theatres of Paris partake of the general plethora: they swarm with seething spectators, and all the seats are engaged days, and even weeks, in advance. Ristori has returned, not covered with dust and rage, like the *sieur de Framboise*, but laden with gold and glory. She is to appear in "Elizabeth" at the Italiens, next Wednesday. Sothern (Lord Dundreary) is to be exploited for a month at the same theatre, commencing July 8th.

At the distribution of prizes at the Palais de l'Industrie, in the Champs de Mars, on July 1, a "grand hymn" (everything is called "grand" here) is to be sung. Rossini has furnished the music, which is in the hands of the performers. Its execution will require the introduction of some enormous bells, and salves of artillery are to be fired at intervals. The personages who are to make their entry to the sound of this formidable music are the Emperor and Empress, the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the Sultan, the King and Queen of Portugal, the King of Sweden and the Viceroy of Egypt.

In connection with the high price of bread stuffs, etc., and also as interesting to wine drinkers, it may be mentioned that the month of June, which determines throughout France the results of the grape and corn harvest, has proved thus far exceedingly favorable, and there is promise of abundant crops. It has been remarked that a constant correlation exists between the crops of cherries or gooseberries and the yield of the vine. This year the two former are very abundant and of good quality, which is an excellent augury.

An evening paper announces that it has good reason for believing that President Johnson and Mr. Seward purpose visiting the Exposition. All Americans respecting their country devoutly hope the rumour is founded. In the first place, the performances of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Seward, on their last joint trip, are painfully fresh in the memory of Americans; and secondly, nothing could be more humiliating than to see an American President going through all the clap-trap show and hollow palaver of a visit to "royalty." These royal visits are only saved from being broad farces by the solemn and formal way in which the principal personages, educated to their rôle, go through with them. If they do not believe in the imposture, they pretend to, and that is more even than Mr. Seward could undertake to do. That there are some Americans here who will encourage such a folly as this visit would be, there is no doubt; but they will do it in the hope of somehow venturing themselves in connection with it and making themselves notorious. When an American does turn snob and stinky, he makes no half-way work—he does it thoroughly. Specimens of the mob-Yankee are not scarce. They neglect no opportunity of getting up circulars and addresses, and of forcing their names in front. They must needs congratulate the Czar for his "Providential escape" from the "deadly aim" of a toy pistol, fired by an excited boy. We are happy to read in the *Opinion Nationale* that the Czar declined to receive their impertinence, except it came through the hands of the Russian Minister in Paris. Alexander has suffered too much from gross Yankee familiarities in St. Petersburg, where he couldn't well help himself, to submit to be bored by the persistent mobs of the same nationality who infect Paris, where their wonderful "parley-wow" is the amusement of mankind. I need not say they are on intimate terms with most of the important personages who have visited Paris.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

It appears that the Japanese schools are henceforth to be supplied with American school-books, and that in Japan the English language is to be the basis of study. An enterprising publisher has obtained the contract, and his first shipment, as the item from which we get the information informs us, weighs about ten tons. This is an admirable way of estimating this kind of literature. The ten tons by which would afford perhaps a scrap to each child, and futile, this may seem, it would be much better in school-books than in moral tracts, for influencing them morally.

The latest invention in the new processes for paper-making, appears to be one which makes use of the oak plant for this purpose. The company which is about undertaking its manufacture expects great results from their success. It is supposed that from boiling down a newspaper printed upon this material an excellent soup will be secured. The invention will prove most useful in these days for editors who are required so constantly to eat their own words.

The Board of Health has finally settled through the courts that it has the right to do the work for which it was created, but to do this the Board has brought over \$900 suits for expenses incurred in cleaning out filthy tenement houses last summer. A long course of impunity had made the landlords think that the ownership of a house implied the right to make it a nest of fever and infection, if it so suited the interests of the landlords' pocket. Of this opinion they had to be dispossessed, and the only way to do it was by a suit. It would astound the public if a list were published of the rich owners of tenement houses who were sued by the Board of Health for the expenses incurred in cleaning their houses last summer.

The bridge over Broadway at Fulton street, having lost its novelty, has finally been put to its only legitimate use as a means of advertising. Recently one of the performing lady equestrians rode over it on horseback. Her charger mounted the steps on one side like a cat, and was as quietly let down on the other by a policeman. One of the singular effects of the bridge seems to have been the diminution of the traffic in Broadway just at this point, so that it is proposed to render Broadway a quiet street by multiplying such structures at every corner.

##### Foreign.

Charles Read has recently produced a play at the Adelphi Theatre, London, the plot of which is taken from one of Tennyson's "Idylls of the Kings," the story called "Dora." The play did not seem to meet with the greatest possible success, one of the weekly journals saying that the first act was successful, the second tiresome, and the third laughable.

There was a story recently set in circulation that the Queen intended, from her own funds, to endow a hospital with a half million of pounds, and a great deal of admiration for the generosity such an intention displayed. It now appears, however, that the only active part the Queen took in the matter was allowing the epithet "royal" to be applied to a hospital which some other philanthropic person intended to found. Commenting upon these facts, one of the weekly London papers says that, since the French Revolution, no sovereign has given away any large sum for charitable purposes, that event having given them a practical exemplification of the advantage of having a large sum of cash ready on hand.

Since the year 1854 the silk-worms in France have suffered from a disease, which has in some years reduced the crop one-half. The disease appears to originate in the eggs. The Government has offered large prizes for any discovery of a cure, and also for quantities of the eggs which are free from the disease.

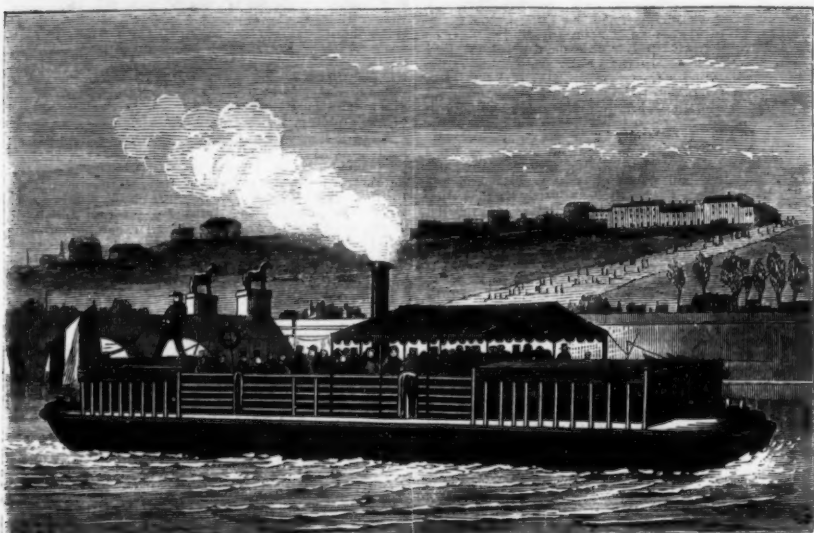


## The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



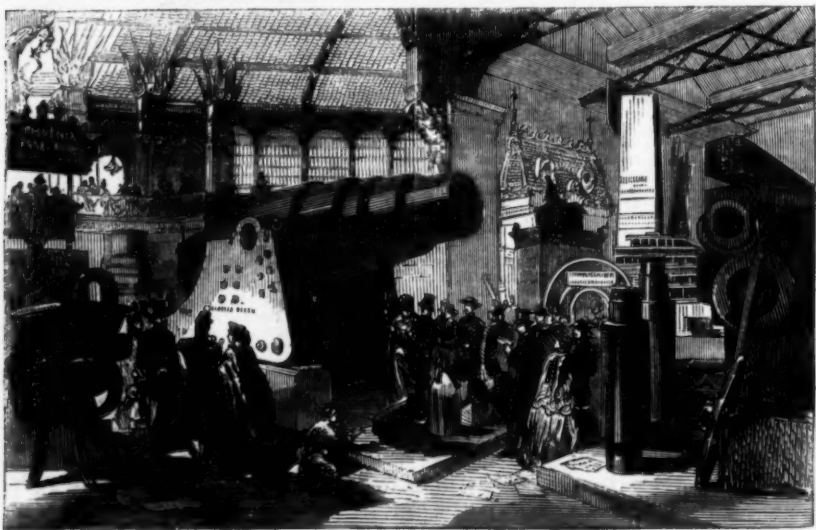
THE ARRIVAL IN PARIS OF THE SHARP-SHOOTERS OF THE VOSGES.

The Arrival of the Sharpshooters of the Vosges in Paris. A delegation of about 350 of the Sharpshooters of the Vosges arrived in Paris, and were received with great cordiality, and have excited considerable attention. They are volunteer soldiers, and are largely patronized, and very successful.



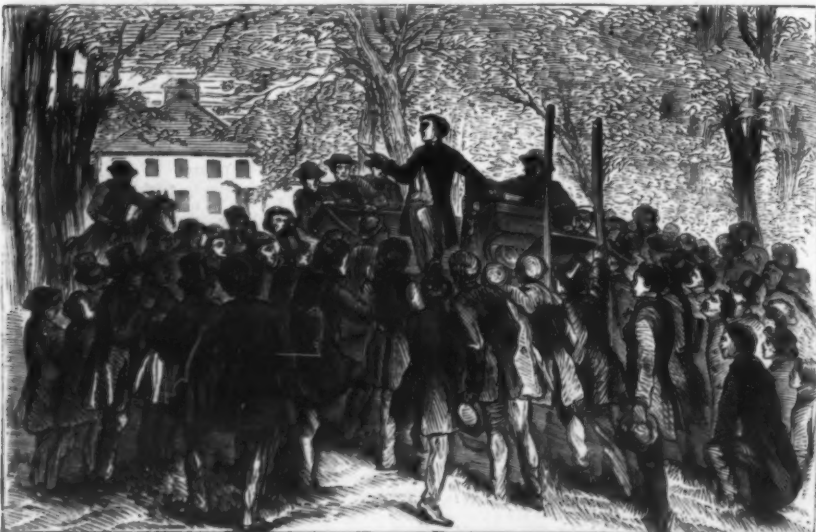
STEAM OMNIBUS-BOAT USED ON THE SEINE, FOR CONVEYING VISITORS TO THE GREAT EXPOSITION, PARIS.

Vosges having visited Paris to see the Great Exposition, fares, up and down the Seine, for the accommodation of the numerous visitors to the Great Exposition. They are largely patronized, and very successful.

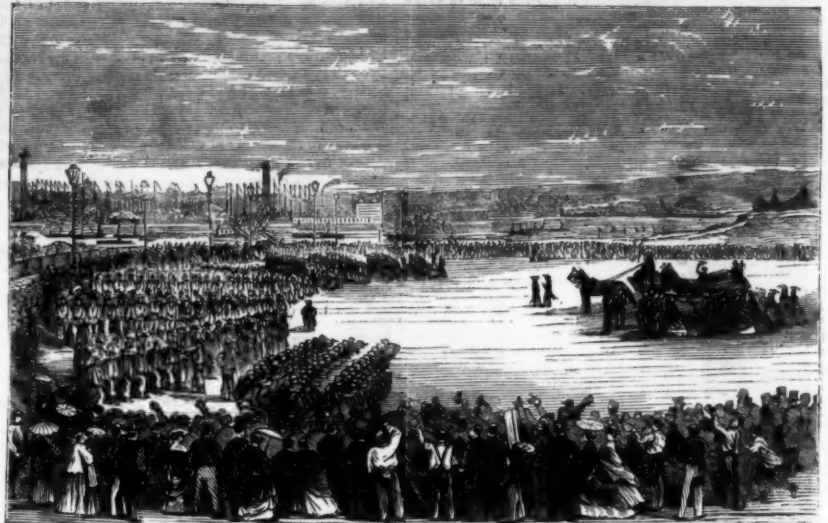


MONSTER STEEL GUN MADE BY KRUPPE OF ESSEN, AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

The Great Steel Gun from Essen. This gun is one of the largest made in Europe. It is of steel and rifled, and affords an excellent opportunity for comparing the merits of the European with the American system of making heavy ordnance.

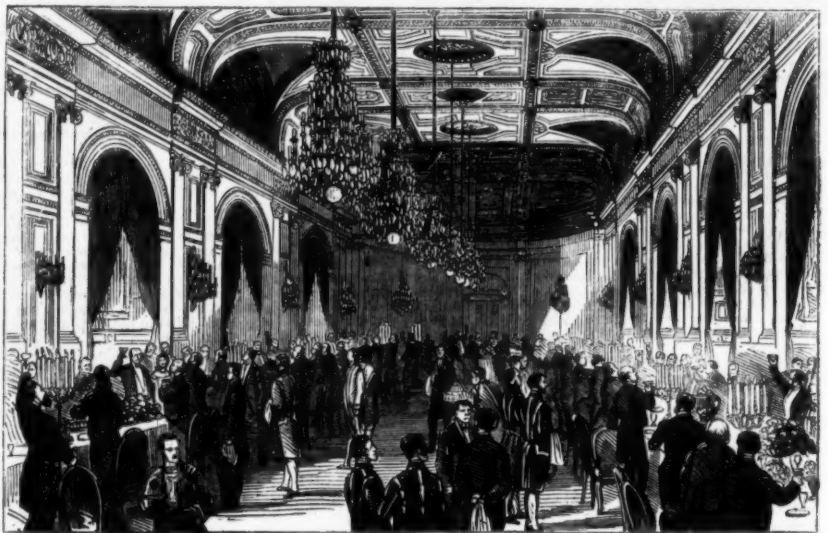


THE STUDENTS OF STRASBURG REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF THE STUDENTS OF BERLIN.



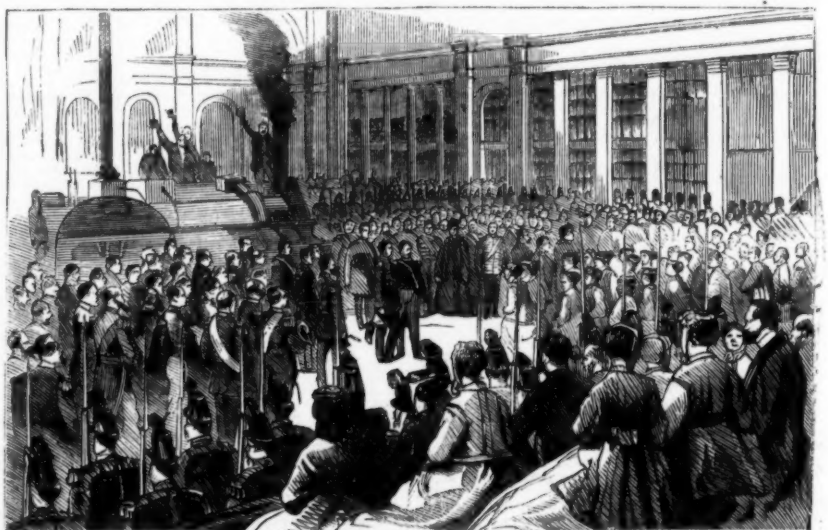
THE REVIEW OF THE SHARP-SHOOTERS OF THE VOSGES BY THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

tunity for comparing the merits of the European with the American system of making heavy ordnance. their German colleagues a pacific and very friendly address, bearing witness to their profound horror of war. The principal body of students in Berlin, the



RECEPTION AT THE PARIS COMMISSIONERS BY M. SCHNEIDER, PRESIDENT OF THE CORPS LEGISLATIVE.

The Students of Strasburg Replying to the Address from the Students of Berlin. Barchenschaft, answered this address with a violence which was in every way to be regretted. The text of this reply, published by the Gazette of Cologne, has



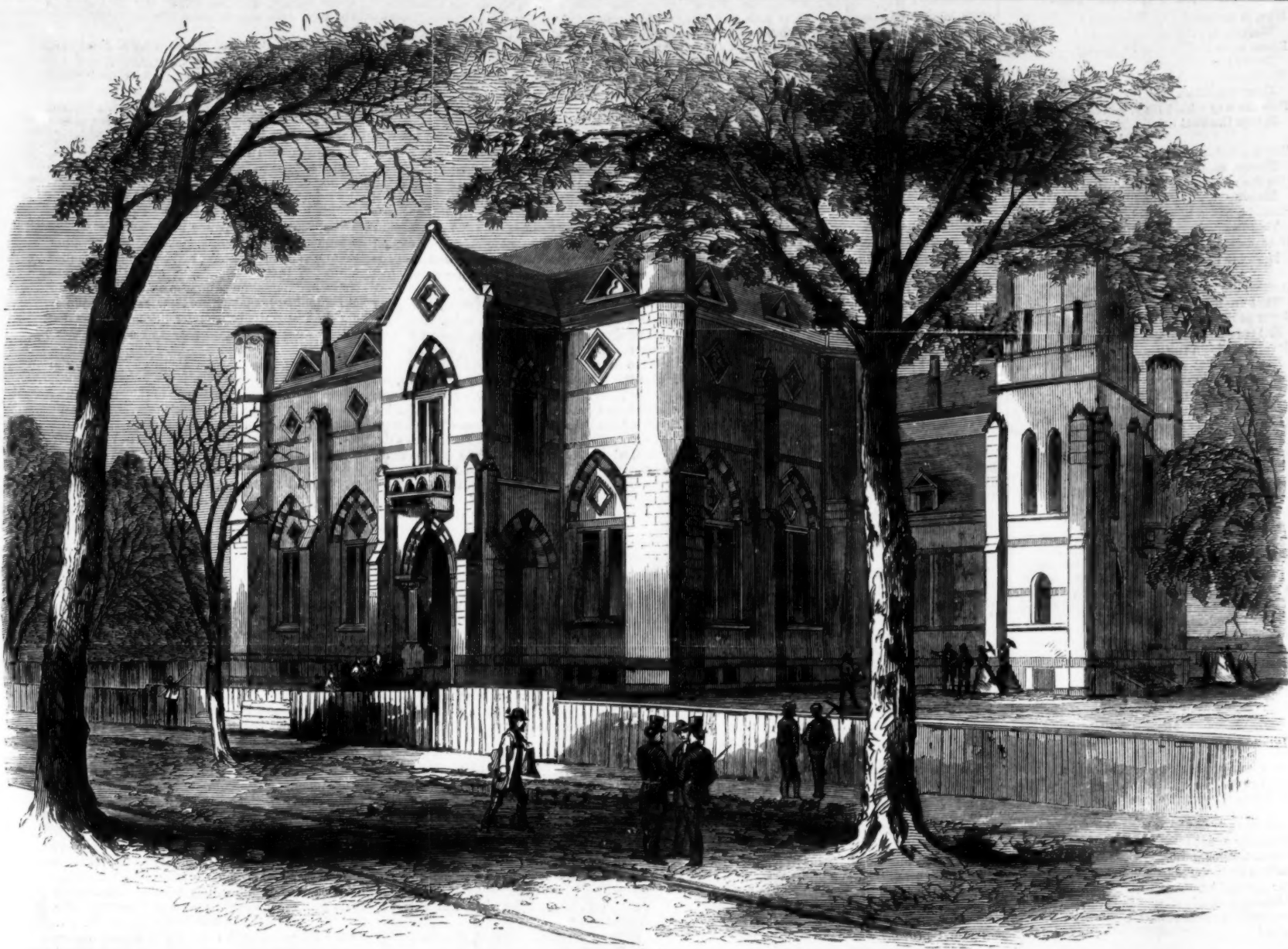
RECEPTION AT THE NORTHERN RAILWAY, PARIS, OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

ing episodes of the recent dispute between France and Prussia. At the height of the uncertainty of the Luxembourg question, some Alsacian students sent to since been denied. But the *Independence Belge*, declare that the original is in Strasburg. The students of Strasburg, indignant at this answer, met, in numbe



INAUGURATION OF THE SCHOOL OF THE BOULEVARD DES AMANDIERS, PARIS.





THE YALE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS AT NEW HAVEN, CONN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PECK, BROS., N. H.

about 500, in the public park, and one of their number mounting upon the seat of a carriage, read to them, amid great applause, an address which again bore witness to their attachment to France.

#### The Prince Imperial Reviewing the Sharpshooters of Vosges, May 28th, 1867.

This delegation of the Sharpshooters of Vosges, which came to Paris to see the Great Exhibition, were reviewed by the Prince Imperial, and on that occasion presented him a rifle. Our illustration represents this scene.



THE WOODEN SPOON OF YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN.

#### Arrival of the Czar of Russia at Paris.

The Czar Alexander II. and his two sons arrived in Paris, on June 1st, and were received with great ceremony. Napoleon III. had sent to the frontier several officers of his household to receive his royal guests at the border of his dominions, and on their arrival they were escorted to the Tuilleries, and from there to the Elysée. It was during this reception that the attempt to assassinate the Czar was made.

#### Inauguration of the Schools on the Boulevard des Amandiers, Paris.

These schools for the poor in Paris were inaugurated on the 27th of May, by the Archbishop of Paris,

assisted by a number of the highest civic and other dignitaries. These schools are attended by about 1,800 children and adults, and the system of education is intended to fit the pupils for the actual business of life, instructing them in various manufacturing processes at the same time that the ordinary branches of education are not neglected.

#### The Dinner Given to the Commissioners of the Great Exposition by M. Schneider, the President of the Corps Legislatif, Paris.

This dinner was given on the 22d of May, by the President of the Corps Legislatif to the Commissioners of the Great Exposition. Two hundred and fifty persons took part in the festivities, and the luxury and good taste of the arrangements, together with the perfection of the service, astonished and delighted the guests. The dinner was given in the grand gallery of the presidency, communicating by large arcades with two other lateral galleries, one of which was decorated with pictures of the old masters, and the other with those of the modern.

#### THE YALE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.

This building, which was quite recently completed, is an institution due to the liberality of Mr. Street, a citizen of New Haven, who gave not only the money requisite for the construction of the building, but also enough property to pay the expenses of maintaining it. The objects of the donation are to foster a love and study of art, and to further these, a collection of pictures, statuary and other artistic products has been commenced. The council who control the Yale School of the Fine Arts are as follows: President Woolsey, Prof. E. Salisbury, Daniel Huntington, Donald G. Mitchell and Prof. Porter.

In this week's issue we give also an illustration of a life-size statue of Ruth, in the north gallery, which is the gift of Mr. William Thompson, and the work of Mr. G. B. Lombard, of Rome.

The building is now open about six hours every day, and there are a few paintings worthy of study, and others of much interest on account of their historical value. The pictures of the Trumbull gallery have been removed to this building. Everybody acquainted with Yale knows what these are, several very superior portraits; battle pieces from Revolutionary scenes; some copies of the old masters; a large number of excellent miniatures; and especially the picture of Washington at Trenton. Besides the Trumbull collection, the pictures which have usually been in the same building with it, as the Murillos, are now in the Art Building. Washington Allston's "Jeremiah" is also in the collection, with many other objects of attraction.

The number of such institutions intended to increase the love of art in this country, which have been recently established, is one of the most hopeful evidences that the best public opinion in the United States is awakening to the value and necessity for such studies; and it is not unreasonable to expect that the result of such a movement will soon be definitely shown in the advance of the general taste in such matters.

#### THE WOODEN SPOON OF YALE COLLEGE.

It is the custom of the graduating class in Yale College to select by vote the most popular man in

the class and make him the recipient of a wooden spoon. Our illustration shows the one given to the lucky member of the class of 1866. The presentation is made quite an affair, and the spirit in which the prize is offered and received prevents any hard feeling. One of the singular facts is that the receiver of the spoon is very frequently also the gainer of the cradle, which the class on graduation votes to give to one of their number, who first becomes a father. Such a combination shows that the judgement of the class is not incorrect, and that there are not two standards for judging of a man's popularity.

#### THE BURIAL-PLACE OF ARTHUR.

In the last battle that Arthur fought, he was mortally wounded, and hurried off the field by his soldiers, who carried him away from the fight and concealed him until they could convey him to Glastonbury Abbey, where he was well known, having had other dealings with the monks years before. His wounds, however, could not be cured, and he died there. The monks then buried him very deep in the earth for fear of the Saxons, as the country around was in a very unsettled state, and the Abbey might be in the devastating hands of these pagan barbarians at any moment. Some time after this occurrence his wife, Guinevere, died also, and was conveyed to Glastonbury, and laid upon him. There can be no doubt that the fact, or rather the particulars of his burial, were kept secret; for although it was always the assertion of poetry and tradition that the great British hero lay at Glastonbury, yet the exact spot where he reposed was unknown, and this obscurity existed until the twelfth century, when circumstances arose which led to a clearing up for ever of the mystery. Henry II., during his visits to Wales, had heard from the bards of that country the traditional belief they had that Arthur was buried at Glastonbury, near some pyramids which then stood there. On his return from one of these visits, he communicated with the Abbot, Henry de Solaac, upon the subject, and suggested that a strict search should be made by digging between these pyramids. He also told him that the Welsh bards had a notion that he was not buried in a stone chest, but in a hollow oak, and more especially very deep in the earth for fear of the enemy. The abbot complied with the royal request, a day was appointed, and in his presence the whole convent assembled to witness the investigation. Amongst them was Giraldus Cambrensis, from whom we have the most minute particulars. They turned up the ground in every direction between the two pyramids already mentioned; and after digging for some time, they came to a leaden cross lying on a stone, which being brought up to the light, was found to bear the inscription:

"Hic jacet sepultus inclitus Rex Arthurus in insula Avallonia cum Guinevera uxore sua secunda."

Beneath this stone were the remains of the queen, enclosed in a stone coffin. This was opened, and they saw the profuse golden hair of the queen still lying about the remains as perfect as if she had only just been buried; but when one of the monks touched it, it fell into dust. They then dug lower still, until they had reached to the depth of sixteen feet, when they came across a huge coffin of hollowed oak, as had been described by the Welsh bards, and upon its being opened was found to contain bones of an enormous size. Giraldus tells us that the shin-bone (or tibia) was taken out and placed against the leg of the tallest man present, and reached above his knees by three finger-lengths. The skull he says was of colossal size, and they counted upon it ten or more wounds, all of which, save one mortal wound, which had caused a great cavity, had been cicatrized over. The abbot and monks then gathered the remains together, and with great solemnity they were taken into the church, where a splendidly carved mausoleum, with two divisions, was erected for them.

At the head of this tomb they placed the remains of Arthur, and at the foot those of his queen, and over them were cut these verses:

"Hic jacet Arthurus flos regum, gloria regni  
Quem mores probitas commendant laude perenni.

"Arthurus jacet hic conjux tumulata secunda  
Quae meritis caelos virtutum prole fecunda."

Here they reposed until the visit of Edward I. and his queen to Glastonbury. The shrine was then opened, as he wished to see the remains of his renowned predecessor, when Edward enclosed the bones of Arthur in a rich shroud, and the queen did the same with those of Guinevere. They were then re-enclosed in the tomb, which was removed and placed before the high altar. So ends the scanty history of this marvelous prince; but we must turn from these dead bones to the vitality which was infused into the constitution of the country by the race which succeeded him.



STATUE OF "RUTH," PURCHASED FOR THE YALE ART SCHOOL, NEW HAVEN CONN.



## "UNTO THE PERFECT DAY."

MAN, is thy strong spirit broken?  
Woman, are thy sweet eyes sad?  
Rouse anew! Thy soul be yoking  
To the burden long it had.  
While our hearts may half be breaking  
There are others doubly light;  
This the way a kind Hand-shaking  
Brings the final balance right.

Earth is not—the world was never—  
Barren, cold, or aught but fair;  
'Tis the morbid dross, forever  
Blaming it, who make it bare.  
Should a friend be false and hollow,  
There are others firm and true:  
If he cheat us, does it follow  
More are but deceivers too?

Darkest are the hours, remember,  
That are nearest to the day—  
Never grows so dark December  
But it boasts some sunny ray.  
Never yet within the heaven  
Lay a cloud so wholly black,  
But for patient eyes were given  
Lines of silver to its track.

When the world at times grows dreary,  
Dull the day and dark the night,  
And the striving heart turns, weary,  
From the shadow it would fight.  
Let the eye but rest a minute  
On the sunny side, and take  
Comfort from the light within it—  
Soon a happier morn shall break.

When the storms are roughest, tell us  
That the sweet calm nearer draws;  
Storm and strife are seldom dwellers,  
Mercy rules o'er nature's laws.  
Let the thought be true to nature,  
Let the mind rise from the sod,  
Let the heart, in every feature,  
Nearer bear the stamp of God!

Let us act, and leave to dreamers  
Idle talking, vain unrest;  
Murmurs never can redeem us,  
Should we shrink the honest test!  
Fast this life of ours grows shorter,  
Narrower grows this bound of ours:  
Long the dim life o'er the water,  
Fadeless the eternal flowers.

Sweep let each one keep his door-step,  
Glancing not at others' doors;  
Weak are bitter words—one more step  
Brings us to the golden floors.  
Pour in oil of kindness, making  
Light the wheels of Life to turn:  
Gentle words are best for talking  
The hot dryness from the burn.

Let us give to each one credit,  
Not with cynic glances sneer:  
One long path, if right he tread it,  
Gives enough for mortal here.  
Bagged off the road and sunless,  
Truest courage oft may fail,  
But the journey is not done less  
Should the cheerful heart prevail.

Glad, as not with reckless gladness;  
Firm, as not with harsh intent—  
(Life was never made for madness,  
Nor the heart for mourning sent)—  
Let us, working, living, kindly  
Strive to make the world more blest:  
We—but laborers, toiling blindly—  
Shadows in the dark at best.

## FADED HOPES.

"THERE'S the new moon over your right shoulder, Nell—make a wish," and John Hargrave turned his eyes from the contemplation of the young moon to the blushing face beside him.

"I'd wish that you'd take me to the picnic to-morrow, but there is no use in that, if you are going to the city, I suppose," and the pretty lips pouted bewitchingly.

"I'd do most anything to please you, Nellie, and you know it, little rogue, and are trying to make me regret still more that I can't take you; but this business can't be put off any way, and I dare say by the time I come back you'll be enjoying yourself so much with those cousins you're expecting, that you'll forget all about the picnic. Then, why don't you make a wish that they'll be sure and come to-morrow? You have been telling about it so long, I suppose you would feel terribly disappointed if they didn't come."

"Oh, I've been wishing that for the past two weeks, so if wishing is all that is necessary, I'm sure not to be disappointed. Besides, in the letter we received yesterday, they told papa they would be here on Monday, so I shall look for them then any way."

"Would you feel very bad if they didn't come, Nellie?"

The faint light showed the plain, dark face bent with an eager, questioning look upon her own. Turning away her head so as not to let him see the mischievous light in the dark eyes, she answered emphatically:

"Why, of course I would. I should be perfectly miserable."

There was silence for a few moments, and then he again began:

"I think I heard you say the young man is very homely? that is strange, too, when the sister is so handsome."

Nellie knew that she had never said anything of the kind, but her quick woman's wit readily comprehended the drift of this question, and like most of her sex, did not fail to take advantage of it by displaying a greater degree of interest than she really felt.

"Homely! Well, I guess you must have dreamt that, John. Why, they say he is just as handsome as she is, and then they are both such splendid singers. What a pity you don't sing, John! we would have made such a splendid quartette," and she laughed gayly at her conceit.

John made no answer, but a deep pang shot through his heart at the thought that another might come between him and the sweet girl he had once hoped to call his wife.

Somehow the rest of that walk home was a silent one, unbroken save by the soft rustle of the wind through the trees, and the low piping of the drowsy insects that peopled the groves and hollows of Westbrook farm.

The first threads of light that lay on Farmer Westbrook's porch were broken by the tall form of John Hargrave, as he and Nellie stepped from the shadow of the branching tree that overhung it. He paused to say good-night, and as he held her hand, he said with a careless upward gaze:

"You have forgotten your wish, Nellie. Shall I tell you what mine would be?" and meeting her questioning glance, he said, while a world of feeling trembled through the low tones: "That no one might rob me of you, my little Nellie."

There was a comical glance from under the long eye-lashes, the small hand was hastily withdrawn, and raising her eyes with an expression of ludicrous gravity, she began:

"Bewildering orb! I, Nellie Weston, seeing that John Hargrave has become moon-struck, do hereby beseech thee to remove thy baleful influence from his brain, and spare him a further inflection," and then darting a roguish glance toward him, she said archly, "How is that, John? I think my wish much more beneficial than yours."

"Doubtless! It is a pity you didn't make the first," was the mortified rejoinder.

"Oh, no; I wouldn't have had a subject then, you know," and she looked up to see the smile that after her most unmerciful banterings she always coaxed into his face. But she had gone too far this time, as the reproachful look testified, so changing her tactics, she said pleadingly, as she laid her white hand on his arm:

"You are not angry with me, John, are you?" There was no resisting that winning tone, and the face relaxed into a smile, half sad, as he answered:

"You know I could not be angry with you, Nellie; but your words give me many a heart-ache that you little dream of."

What further he would have said was staid by a vigorous slap on the cheek, and Nellie looked ruefully down at the rosy palm, in search of the imaginary mosquito, which she gravely assured John she had completely annihilated, showing her empty palm as a further assurance. John received her explanation with a smile of resignation, well knowing that a further attempt at seriousness would provoke a like result; for now that she had succeeded in restoring him to good humor, the gay girl did not intend that he should again revert to the subject.

Standing there by the trailing jasmine that scented the air around, the low-toned katydid in its leafy covert keeping time with Nellie's gay chattering, her gay laugh rippling forth like some wild night-bird's song, it seemed a hard thing for John to tear himself away. But the good-by had to be spoken, and clasping the extended hand, he bent hastily forward, and imprinting a kiss on the red lips, started off, leaving Nellie the very impersonification of astonishment at John's unwonted audacity—and he usually so bashful. Verily he was fast improving; and recovering from her surprise, Nellie was herself again; and as his tall form emerged from the shadow of the tree and stood revealed in the pale light, she raised her finger with a saucy menacing gesture toward him, and called out, laughingly:

"Beware, sir! I will have my revenge on your return."

"No, no! I will plead guilty and restore it," was answered back, and a gay laugh echoed out on the still air.

There was an answering smile on Nellie's face as she passed into the house, and as the last fold of her dress was shut in by the closing door, John resumed his homeward walk, whistling softly to himself and thinking of Nellie.

What trifles make up our existence! An hour before, and John's sky had frowned darkly at the prospect of the expected cousin's arrival; but now, by that magic talisman, philtered as it was, his jealous fears were quieted and soothed into complete forgetfulness.

And Nellie was not angry. He whispered the words to himself with that inward delight with which we always cling to a thought that gives us pleasure; for with that playful menace yet ringing in his ears, he felt that he was forgiven, and in the simplicity of his strong, loving heart, he would not have exchanged the ecstasy of that moment for the crown of emperors.

He was just in that state of blissful uncertainty that gives the greatest zest to love; uncertainty, not on his part, for had he been asked when he first loved her, he would have dated it back to the time of her advent at B——, when, a wee girl in short frock and pantalets, she had seemed to his admiring eyes the prettiest object on earth.

But those days lived but in memory. The awkward youth had grown to manhood, with the boyish admiration of then changed to the fervent love of now; while the little Nellie was lost in the beautiful capricious girl, who alternately teased and coaxed, receiving John's lover-like attentions with a careless gayety that often annoyed him, little incidents like the above holding back the words that trembled on his lips, though his every act showed how deeply her image was rooted in his heart.

He had looked forward to the arrival of Philip and Gertrude Sydney, Nellie's cousins, with as much anxiety as Nellie herself, anxious to see the reception of the rival-to-be; and the poor fellow had worked himself into a perfect fever, at the

prospect of Nellie's transferring her affections to another; and now, to make matters still worse, business had called him to the city, and Philip would have a whole week to storm the citadel unguarded by him.

The thought had given him many a heart-ache, but the memory of the white hand resting on his shoulder for one brief moment, as the sweet voice asked so pleadingly if he were angry, and the touch of those bright lips, that yet thrilled through his being, banished his fears, and with a light heart he started for the city the next day.

In the very train that thundered past as he idly glanced out the car windows, sat Philip and Gertrude, even then speculating on the beauty and amiability of the cousin they had not seen for years; while farther Westbrook's gray team stood restlessly pawing the ground as they waited at the village depot; and in the old farm-house they had left a short time before, a tiny figure flitted back and forth, and a white hand twined the short perverse curls that would not do right.

At last all was finished. The little cluster of fresh June roses hung from the drooping curls, so that their red hearts seemed to reflect their ruby richness in the fair cheek, the blue sash was looped over the light flowing lawn, the last stray fold was adjusted, and with a little glance of satisfaction at the bright face that smiled back at her from the mirror, she tripped down-stairs, and into the kitchen, where Mrs. Westbrook was busy making preparations for dinner. She looked up from the snowy cloth she was spreading with a glance of loving pride at her daughter; but she was a woman of few words, and her simple, "You look well, child," was almost lost in the noisy clatter of the dishes.

Seeing that her mother did not require her assistance, she sought the veranda to wait the coming of the guests. The old house-dog that lazily sunned himself in the warm sunshine half opened his sleepy eyes and with a slight wag of his tail acknowledged the approach of his young mistress.

With a playful pull of his long, silky ears, she succeeded in rousing him, and, raising himself, he shook his huge body and sprang toward her.

"Down, Sport, down!" and with uplifted hand she listened to the sound of approaching carriage-wheels.

She caught a glimpse of the well-known horses through the trees, heard her father's accustomed chirrup, and in a moment more the carriage drew up before the door.

A young man, with a proud, aristocratic face, first alighted and assisted a tall, beautiful girl to follow him. Nellie's heart beat rapidly as they advanced toward her, and her father, with a smile of pardonable vanity, introduced her as:

"My daughter, Nellie;" adding, good-naturedly, "Well, little girl, haven't you a word of welcome for your cousins?"

Conquering her embarrassment, she answered, with a modest blush:

"You, papa, who know how long I have been wishing to see them, can best answer that;" and, extending a hand to each, she added: "If, during your stay, you experience but one-half the pleasure I expect to derive, I shall be content."

"If my satisfaction throughout equals that attending my arrival, your wish will be more than gratified," was the gay reply of Gertrude; while Philip's deep tones added, gallantly:

"If it be but a study of our charming cousin's face, the time could not be otherwise than agreeable to me."

Withdrawing the hand he held, and still holding Gertrude by the other, she drew her into the hall, saying to Philip, as she did so:

"Flattery, as well as the studied Miss and Mr., must be discarded from our trio at the outset. Do you not agree with me?" she questioned, turning playfully toward Gertrude.

"To the latter part, certainly. Let him who has been guilty of the former speak for himself," and she bent her dark eyes on her brother.

"If it is displeasing to you, I will readily promise both the first and last, Nellie."

The low tones that spoke her name so softly Nellie could scarcely associate with that grave face, and on their way above stairs she mentally contrasted its coldness with the soft loveliness of his sister.

"Isn't this breeze delightful? I declare I feel invigorated already," was the salutation of Gertrude, as, having removed traveling-dress and bonnet, she joined Philip on the veranda. She had scarcely reached his side, when she began:

"Well, brother, what do you think of her?"

"Think? Just what your tone tells me you do," was the unequivocal reply.

Gertrude rejoined, with a hearty laugh:

"Then I pity you, for you will be irrevocably in love before another week rolls by."

"No danger of that, sister mine. I am not the one to fall in love with every pretty face and low-toned voice; so have no fears on my account."

At that moment Nellie appeared and the conversation ceased. At dinner they were received with kindly hospitality by Mrs. Westbrook, whose cheery face was a welcome of itself. Throughout the meal Philip's eyes wandered persistently to the face of the fair girl who so ably sustained her part in the conversation, seemingly so unconscious of her own loveliness. He had expected to see a pleasant-faced, agreeable girl answering to the title of cousin; but he had found, instead, a vision of loveliness, fair as ever graced his city home, and he could not withhold the glance of admiration with which he regarded her.

Gertrude had read the direction of his thoughts, and taken the first opportunity to shake her head with a warning gesture toward him, which, though fully interpreted, only elicited from him a smile of unmoved composure.

Ah, the piano in that old parlor! Never did it give forth such soul-stirring strains as it did beneath the skillful touch of Gertrude; and when her voice and Philip's floated out in song, rolling in rich waves through the house, Nellie stood lost in

silent ecstasy, and the bright tear that stood in the dark eyes was a silent tribute to their success.

"Come, Nellie, this piano doesn't stand here for nothing. Now that we have obliged you, it is your turn to show us to what use you put it," and Gertrude playfully pushed her toward it.

Vainly she pleaded to be excused, on the ground that she knew nothing of music whatever, save a few simple strains that she had learned from ear alone. Excuses availed nothing; they either did, or feigned not to believe her, and at last, finding no way of escape, she seated herself, and touching a few simple chords, the low tones began a plaintive melody, that gradually gained in confidence, showing the power and sweetness of the flexible voice. The chords lacked correctness, but there was no discordance, rather a weird, peculiar harmony, that involuntarily held the ear enchained. She was quite unprepared for the shower of compliments that greeted her as she rose, nor did she scarce heed them, for her mind was filled with but one thought, to play and sing like Gertrude.

Somewhere, in the dim aisles of the past, she remembered a distant city home, where a sister, whose voice was now attuned to the angel's, had called forth music like Gertrude's. Since that long ago the piano had been removed to the cottage home, where it now stood, a sad reminder of the gentle hands now lost in dust, Nellie, with a soul filled with music, had never had an instructor, but, left to herself, she brought forth such music as her wild fancy dictated.

It was not long before Gertrude, learning her wish, had constituted herself instructor during her stay, and it was laughable to see the two girls seated before the piano, as teacher and pupil, and listen to their gay laughter at Nellie's repeated failures. At such times Philip would sit quietly by engaged with some book; but the white hand moving so hesitatingly over the keys of the piano and the bright face turned partially toward him were evidently a far pleasanter study. Certain it was that the dark eyes were bent more frequently on the tableaux before him than on the open page.

Nellie's awe of her stately cousin was fast diminishing, and though she did not yet turn her battery of mischief upon him, an occasional shaft of witicism glanced in among his quiet remarks, turning them to ridicule, and forcing a laugh in spite of himself.

One morning, about a week after their arrival, Gertrude had sought the garden to inspect the flowers she so much admired, and Philip, seated in an easy chair in the pleasant sitting-room, sat idly watching Nellie as she dusted the various articles disposed around the room. The fact that his eyes were upon her may have had something to do with the awkward movement that sent the pretty gilt-bound book from the table to the floor. As she stooped to pick it up, Philip's hand anticipated the movement, and raising it, he restored it to her, merely glancing at the written names on the fly-leaf, "John to Nellie." She thanked him, and as he was about to resume his seat, his eye rested on a withered cluster of heartsease that had dropped from the book as it fell. After inspecting them a moment, he raised them as though to inhale a breath of their departed fragrance, saying, as his eye rested on Nellie:

"These look like the gift of some impassioned lover to his mistress. Do, Nellie, favor me with an account of their history. Doubtless we shall have such an account of love, despair, and reconciliation, ending in a marriage to be, as shall make me wish myself a novelist, to commit it to the world in the shape of a grand love romance. But, unfortunately, I am not so gifted, so the story will have to be for my ear alone. Come, Nellie, I am listening," and he bent himself in an attitude of profound attention.

"What! Do you wish me to enact the rôle of a confiding maid and disclose my heart's secrets to your careless gaze?"

"Oh, no; not at all, if you do not desire it," he answered, mistaking her tone for one of seriousness. "Besides, it is not necessary. I am sufficient Yankee to judge that it is from some country genius, who, doubtless, sat through half a night searching his mental calibre for some suitable flower to tell his love."

The blush that had flickered on Nellie's cheek since the conversation first began deepened at his satirical remark; but whether with wounded feeling or anger, it would be difficult to determine. But she took no further notice of it than to answer calmly:

"You are disposed to be complimentary. But a moment ago you predicted a marriage between that same country swain and myself; so take care how you deal in the ironical, lest your remarks glance backward to me."

"Beg pardon; I meant no such reflection, I assure you."

The proud lip was slightly curled, but Nellie looked up with that irresistible expression she knew so well how to assume, and as her dark eyes softened, she said:

"Cousin Philip, would you really like to know the history of those faded flowers? 'Tis a sad, sad tale. Few people think that I have known sorrow, Philip—for how can they dream of my bitter grief, when I so seldom unveil its sad secret?"

She seated herself on the sofa, and motioned him to a place beside her. For a moment sobs seemed to shake her slight form, and then, without removing her handkerchief, she said in a low, tremulous tone:

"Bring them to me again, Philip, that I may look upon them and recall my wrong."

The young man obeyed, while a look of painful sympathy rested on his face, and he regretted the unfortunate circumstance that had roused such painful memories.

"It was in the summer of 1864." Here the voice ceased, and she made a violent effort to control herself. A momentary pause, and she again began. "It was one of those lovely sunset hours



when earth and heaven seem meeting. None will ever know the wild tumult that filled my heart at the moment, when, with a restless longing I left my room, and wandered out into the garden. Passing by the kitchen door, my eye fell on a huge carving-knife. My evil genius seemed urging me on, and I took it. Oh, Philip, the rest is too horrible! Here the voice again broke down, while Philip sought to soothe her, and waited in painful curiosity for the close. "Yes, Philip, I took it and hastened down the garden walk. I reached the gate and found what I sought. In all its beauty it lay there, the treasure I had ever guarded so tenderly. I stooped above it. The knife fell from my hand, and Philip, I killed it. I put it there that it might ever remind me of that wretched deed; and to-day it has imparted a useful lesson, warning all young men never to pry into a maiden's secret," and springing up with a bewildering laugh, she reached the door, and with a low, mocking courtesy, vanished before Philip had recovered from his astonishment.

He was too much a man of the world to allow his intense mortification and chagrin to show itself before his pretty cousin; and when next they met, he answered the merry twinkle of her eye with one as unconcerned as though the subject were completely forgotten, nor did he again allude to it through the day, though it was constantly in his thoughts; and his very ears tingled when he thought how ludicrous he must have appeared to her, and an impatient frown contracted his brow, as he asked himself why he should care how she regarded him. But strive as he might, he could not banish the memory of that saucy laugh, that still seemed to mock him with its echo.

The lazy summer afternoon crept slowly on, and the garish day-god, flushed and heated with his day's travel, was just sinking into the ruby-pillared couch that hung in the gloomy West, inviting him to its soft embrace. Philip stood on the portico, with his eyes fixed on the bright panorama of floating clouds with a dreamy, pre-occupied look, that showed his thoughts were elsewhere.

The click of the opening gate roused him, and without changing his position, he gave a rapid glance toward it. That glance was sufficient to show him Nellie, walking leisurely up the garden path, her gipsy hat swinging on her arm, while her curls fell in loose disorder round her face. The walk had given to her cheeks an added tinge, making her dark eyes look the brighter, and Philip acknowledged, as he had many times before, that she was very lovely.

He waited until she stood close beside him, before he feigned to know she was there, and then turned with a slow movement, that seemed to imply his annoyance at being disturbed.

But Nellie was not at all discomposed; fanning herself vigorously, she said:

"I trust that my unperceived approach did not frighten you seriously, or demolish any of the air-castles you were, doubtless, weaving."

There was a slight accent on "unperceived" as he fully understood, and in his present state of mind he felt strongly tempted to retaliate; but on second thought he answered:

"No, not at all. I was merely enjoying the sunset, and I am glad to have a companion who can appreciate it with me."

There was a very expressive "Ah!" uttered in a slight undertone, and then following his gaze, her face lit up with an expression of earnest admiration, as she said, enthusiastically:

"Oh, for the pencil of a Raphael, to commit those glowing skies to canvas."

"I fear me the pencil would be of little use without the power to wield it; though if you proved as apt in that, as in some other things I might mention, you would succeed admirably."

"I suppose that is intended as a compliment, and though they have been prohibited, I shall endeavor to acknowledge this one to show my appreciation of the giver;" and she dropped another little courtesy, that reminded him strongly of his former experience.

She again turned toward the sun, and watched until it disappeared from sight; and then turning toward Philip, she saw that he was intently regarding her. She tried to look unconcerned, as she said:

"Of what now are you thinking, may I ask?"

He glanced down at the long spray of dark myrtle that he had been turning round his finger, and then up again at the bright face.

"I was thinking how this would look in your hair. May I place it there?"

He gathered a half-open rosebud that bent its stalk beside him, and twining it in the myrtle, he placed it in the brown curls, as she bent her head with a graceful, coquettish movement toward him, saying, as he did so:

"Nellie, do you understand the language of flowers?"

No language save that which is written in the soft beauty, telling of the Hand that made it.

His low, touching answer, was uttered with an earnest gravity, that sat well on the fair face.

Then you do not understand what that myrtle is to you, Nellie? Never mind, I will tell you another time.

He felt her heart thrill at his earnest tones, but answered with resumed gaiety:

"Then I will give it a place beside the one so much admired this morning; and perhaps some one may weave a romance out of it, too, not dreaming that it was only a cousin's that bestowed it."

Somehow the word "cousin" jarred on his ear, just at that moment Gertrude appeared in the way, and said, with a gay laugh:

"What's that you are saying about cousins? Why, an outsider might think you something else; so to save you from any unnecessary embarrassment on that score, I will break in upon your seemingly lover-like tête-à-tête, and constitute

myself that ever-in-the-way third party—that is, if you do not consider my coming intrusive."

"Just the contrary! 'The more the merrier!'"—and Nellie moved to make room beside her.

Long, long they sat there, till the stars came out, and the moon floated high in the heavens. And, idly watching it, Nellie thought of John's words to her the night of his departure—"I would wish that no one might rob me of you, my little Nellie," and smiled as she recalled it.

Two days more and he would be at home; but somehow she did not look forward to his return with half the pleasure she had expected to. But, notwithstanding her wish to the contrary, the time flew fast, bringing Thursday in its train, and Nellie knew that he had come, for her father had seen him at the depot, and had been commissioned by him to tell her that he would be around in the evening.

She had told her cousins whom she expected; and Philip started when he recognized the first name as that in the book he had seen, but he made no comments. One rapid glance at Nellie's face showed him that he was not mistaken; and with all the impatience with which John had waited to see his unknown rival, did Philip now wait to see him.

He could scarcely suppress a smile at the embarrassed, though not ill-looking young man, that presented himself at the appointed time; but Nellie's smiling face and her guests' affability soon put John at his ease; and the embarrassment that had at first made him seem awkward gradually wearing off, he showed himself as he was, a man of good sense and sound principles, and as Gertrude afterward observed, a very interesting companion. Philip, too, silently acknowledged his worth, but fancying he noticed Nellie's expressive glances toward him, he relapsed into moody silence for the remainder of the evening.

The next day as Philip wandered restlessly about, Gertrude joined him, and to his inquiry for Nellie, replied:

"Up in her room. I entered rather unexpectedly, and found her dreaming over what seemed to be a spray of myrtle. She blushed and looked so confused, that thinking myself *de trop*, I appeared not to notice it, and after a moment's talk, I hastened down to find you. I shouldn't wonder at all that that young Hargrave who was here last evening, and who seems to be a lover, gave it to her," and Gertrude eyed her brother searchingly as she spoke.

The slight flush that had mounted to his brow, as she told him how his gift was treasured, vanished, and a slight frown contracted his broad forehead, as he returned with a gesture of impatience:

"Nellie Westbrook is a girl of too much good sense to unite herself with one so greatly her inferior in mental endowments."

"Now, brother, you are unjust! Mr. Hargrave is a gentleman of excellent capacity, and, notwithstanding his lack of ease, I saw the diamond through its unpolished exterior, and consequently gave him my earnest appreciation."

"The appreciation you speak of will meet with a return, if you exert yourself, I have no doubt."

He said this in a tone of annoyance unusual to him.

"Such a result would raise me to the seventh heaven, and I might, if I chose, mention another, who would be equally well pleased at the transfer; but I will not be meddlesome," and she gave a little malicious laugh, as she added, "If Nellie is through with her love-dream, I will ask her what she thinks of it, and if I can gain her concurrence, a few more weeks, and I may be Mrs. H.," and without pausing to note the effect of her words, she passed into the house, singing gayly as she went.

That Philip loved deeply, truly, she felt convinced; and now, with all the curiosity of her sex, she determined to know whether Nellie was really as indifferent as she seemed, and for this she sought her. She found her drumming softly on the sill, as she looked dreamily out of the window, but at her cousin's entrance she turned, saying:

"I was just coming down; but seeing your brother leave the house, I knew you would soon be up again."

"Philip? Oh, he's only taking a stroll among the trees," and Gertrude passed over and stood beside her, looking down on her brother, as he walked in a gloomy, abstracted manner back and forth.

"Yes! he's cross this morning," she continued, "I guess he's thinking about Maud;" and then as though she had forgotten, she added, hastily: "I never told you about her, did I?" and without waiting for an answer she went on, "Maud Sylverton—that was her name! She was both beautiful and proud, and as heartless a coquette as ever lived. Brother didn't know that, though, until he was madly in love with her. He tried to change her by persuasion; but it seems that they at last quarreled, though I never knew any of the particulars, for he never mentioned it. Since then they have never met, though I sometimes think that he yet loves her."

Ah! Gertrude, that was a skillful tale, but your little stratagem has failed this time, and you can read nothing in that quiet, attentive face. True, there is a wildly-beating heart that seems bursting its bonds, but the fierce and sudden pain that shot through it did not betray itself in the still face, that never once lost the appearance of friendly interest through it all. She did not even remove her eyes from the proud form pacing beneath her window, as unconscious of her gaze as was she of the searching eyes, that watched in vain for a change in the usually expressive face.

There was no curiosity to learn more of the beautiful coquette who held the heart she yearned for, but she only returned calmly, while a dreamy look settled in the dark eyes:

"One would not think, to look at Philip, that he ever dreamt of love, but it is a pity it ended so

unhappily. He should have made another trial before resigning her so completely." And nodding her head toward Philip, who at that moment glanced up at them, she added, as she turned from the window: "That smile augurs well. I shouldn't wonder that they made up in the most approved story style, and there will be a grand wedding yet," and she tripped lightly across the floor, with a girlish laugh.

"Would that it might be," Gertrude answered, with bitter meaning, and the words ended in a heavy sigh at the thought that the romance she had woven might now be realized in part. She would have warned her brother of his wasted love, but his pride held her aloof.

That was a cruel, cruel test; and thoughtless Gertrude's heart would have ached with remorse could she have looked into Nellie's room that night and seen the pale, anguished face bent above that withered rosebud, round which the spray of myrtle was yet clinging. She had placed them before her, those flowers that whispered of him, as though to contrast the brightness of the past with the misery of the present—her once joyous hopes with the aching heart that bore her love for another written on it in burning lines. Once she raised her hand with a quick movement, as though to destroy them, and then a spasm of pain contracted her brow, and, letting it fall, she leaned her head on the table, a wild flood of tears came to her relief, and the ice that cased her heart was broken.

As she became more calm her woman's pride returned, and with it came the thought that he had trifled with her. True; he had never openly avowed his love, but she could not blind her eyes to the thousand little undisguised acts of devotion that she now knew were all false. Had not Gertrude's words proved it? And the brave little heart determined to show him that he was nothing to her. It was a weary task, but it must be done; and it was this determination that made John's heart beat bright with hope as he noted the tender light in the dark eyes and listened to the low, sweet tones that were for him alone. Philip jealously watched each new attention, and he could not restrain the deep groan with which his heart acknowledged his hopeless love.

Alone with herself, Nellie's heart reproached her for the deceptive part she was playing, but pride stilled its whisperings and urged her on.

Four more miserable days, when even Nellie's forced gaiety could not banish the restraint that seemed falling upon the little party, and the time had arrived for Gertrude and Philip's return home. There were many expressions of regret at their departure, but Gertrude reminded them that they would not be parted long, as she should look for a visit from Nellie in the winter. But though Philip's eyes looked all the eloquence of persuasion as Gertrude urged, she could not be induced to promise. So forced to be content with her "Perhaps," the good-byes were spoken, and though her hand trembled slightly as it rested in Philip's, she met the yearning love mirrored in that last, long gaze, with a cold indifference that left him no room for hope.

After they had gone, the strength that held her up through those days of trial well-nigh deserted her. Her smile lost all its gaiety, and a weary look settled in the fair face, plainly perceptible to those around; but attributing it to loneliness, they took no notice of it, thinking she would soon regain her lost spirits, and thus left to herself, Nellie felt more keenly her bitter heart-lesson.

And when one night John Hargrave, in words made eloquent by his intense love for her, stood beside her on the old porch, and asked her to be his wife, she forgot that she no longer had a heart to give—forgot that she only loved him as a kind, good brother—forgot all—and resting her weary head on his broad shoulder, with a sense of utter security as he drew her toward him, she promised to be his; and her choking sobs were hushed as his rough hand smoothed, with a woman's touch, the soft curls, as he tried to soothe her. To his earnest questionings, she returned but one answer: "Some time, John, you shall know all."

If Nellie ever looked with a startled sense of wrong on the promise she had pledged, she felt no regret, as her heart whispered, that though her own were aching, she would not bring unhappiness to another; judging his by the depth of her own wasted love, she would save him the blow that had fallen on her; and binding together the broken threads of her life, she would strive to him all a wife's tender respect, and in duty strive to bury the memory of the unhappy past.

Meanwhile, Philip, in his distant city home, had learned from Gertrude's lips, whose conscience had never been quite at rest, of the deceptive part she had played to test Nellie's love; and with that as a plea for her indifference, which now with all love's confidence he believed to be assumed, he determined to lose no time, but seeking Nellie in her distant cottage home, tell her of the love he had once thought so hopeless.

It was one of those golden sunsets in October—a mild, beautiful hour, and Nellie had sought a rustic bench, at the end of a long line of trees that screened her from the house, and sat thinking of just such an hour, two months before, when she and Philip had watched the glory of a summer sunset together.

Philip Sydney had at that moment entered, unannounced, the presence of Mrs. Westbrook, startling that usually unexcitable old lady into an expression of astonishment unusual to her. His first eager inquiry was for Nellie, and she told him where he could find her. Nellie, lost in thought, raised her head mechanically at the sound of approaching footsteps, but she sprang to her feet with a startled cry as Philip stood before her, and it was some moments before she recovered herself sufficiently to answer his joyous salutation. He drew her tenderly to her seat, forgetting to remove the arm he had placed round her, saying, as he bent his eyes, dark with a tender love-light, upon her face:

"What startled you so at seeing me, Nellie—my unexpected appearance? And can you not guess what brought me here, darling?" and in his eagerness he did not wait for an answer, but in deep, passionate tones pleaded for her love, telling her what Constance had told him, bidding him hope when all was despair. His face was lit with eager hope as he paused, waiting for her answer. The face turned toward his had been growing white and more grief-stricken, and as he finished, she moaned:

"If I had only known this sooner; but now it is too late, too late."

She repeated the words in a low, mournful tone, as though all that made life dear was dead to her, while Philip, with whitening lips and frightened look, dared not guess their import, but said, as he seized her hand:

"Look up, darling, and tell me, for heaven's sake, what this means?"

That dreary look still slept in the sad eyes, and the white pencillings still lingered round the mouth, as she told him how weary Gertrude's words had made life seem to her; how she had almost prayed to die; and then, of the promise that bound her to another, holding the cup of happiness from her lips.

In vain Philip pleaded with her, telling her that she had no right to sacrifice two lives for one; that it was wrong to perjure herself at the altar, with her heart in the keeping of another. But it was useless. She reasoned that her duty lay with him to whom she had pledged herself, and though her heart pleaded wildly for him, she could not prove recreant to her promise. In his utter wretchedness Philip was almost tempted to reproach her for her unjust cruelty to him; but one glance at that face, white with the stamp of misery, and the words were forgotten, as, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, he drew her slight form toward him, and showering passionate kisses on the pale, upturned face, he entreated her, by every endearing name, to recall her words.

She raised herself from his arms, and drew away from the hand that would have held her, saying, in a tone she struggled to make calm:

"It can never be, Philip; and though my heart is breaking, we must part here and now, for ever."

He looked at her for one moment, with a wild, yearning gaze, and then seizing her passive hand, he pressed it convulsively to his lips, breathed one heart-thrilling farewell, and he was gone, leaving her alone with her dead hopes and broken heart.

Autumn glided into winter, winter into spring, and when the trees hung thick with blossoms, and the air was musical with the song of birds, there was a wedding at the old village church; and though the bride's face was as white as the dress she wore, and gossips predicted with a mournful shake of the head an early death to sweet Nellie Westbrook, so soon to be Nellie Hargrave, and those who knew her best talked of how the bright girl they once knew had changed, the proud bridegroom stood with a tender, triumphant smile on his face, never dreaming of the sacrifice that young heart was making for him. He had never asked an explanation of her strange tears, the night she had promised to be his, and she never again spoke of it.

But though she is his wife, she cannot quite forget; and sometimes when she is alone, her tears fall thick and fast on a little morocco case, as she looks on its treasured contents—a spray of myrtle that yet retains its graceful curve, and a withered rosebud. Faded relics of faded hopes.

**FACTS ABOUT MUSIC.**—In the early ages of Christianity, the power of music in adding to religious solemnity was fully appreciated, and many of the fathers and most distinguished prelates cultivated the auxiliary science. St. Gregory expressly sent over Augustine, the monk, with some singers, who entered the city of Canterbury singing a litany in the Gregorian chant, which extended the number of the four tones of St. Ambrose to eight. A school for church music was established at Canterbury; and it was also taught in the diocese of Durham and Wexmouth. St. Dunstan was a celebrated musician, and was accused of having invented a most wonderful magic harp; it was, perhaps, to prove that the accusation was false that he took the devil by the nose with a pair of tongs. This ingenious saint is said to be the inventor of organs, one of which he bestowed on the abbey of Malmesbury. It appears, however, that instruments resembling the organ were known as early as 364, and were described in a Greek epigram attributed to Julian the Apostate, in which he says, "I beheld reeds of a new species, the growth of each other, and a brazen soil; such as are not agitated by the winds, but by a blast that rushes from a leathern cavern beneath their roots; while a robust mortal, running with swift fingers over the concordant keys, makes them, as they smoothly-dance, emit melodious sounds." The influence of music on the fair sex has long been acknowledged, and this advantage has proved fatal to some artists who had recourse to its fascinating powers; Mark Smeaton was involved in the misfortunes of Anne Boleyn; Thomas Abel, who taught harmony to Catharine, met with a similar fate; and David Rizzio was not more fortunate. They were, perhaps, too much impressed with the ideas of Gloten; "I am advised to give her music of mornings; they say it will penetrate."

At a meeting of an Agricultural Society in England, a Mr. Justt, who is described as a farmer of high standing in the neighborhood, where he has lived for fifty years, made a speech in which he maintained that education had been a positive injury to the laboring classes, since its effect had been to make the men think more of themselves and their families, and less of the masters. It is evident that Mr. Justt has not been injured by education, but his remarks are noticeable only as showing the opinions held by a large class of persons who are called conservatives. Think of it being considered a bad thing for a man to think more of himself and his family than of such masters as Mr. Justt shows he evidently is.

"Whereas was John Rogers turned to death?" said the teacher to me, in a commanding voice.

I couldn't tell; to the next—no answer.

"Joshua knows," said a little girl at the foot of the class.

"Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows he may tell."

"In the fire!" said Joshua, looking very wise.



### "UNTO THE PERFECT DAY."

MAX, is thy strong spirit broken?  
Woman, are thy sweet eyes sad?  
Bounce anew! Thy soul be yoking  
To the burden long it had.  
While our hearts may half be breaking  
There are others doubly light;  
This the way a kind Hand-shaking  
Brings the final balance right.

Earth is not—the world was never—  
Barren, cold, or aught but fair;  
'Tis the morbid drones, forever  
Blaming it, who make it bare.  
Should a friend be false and hollow,  
There are others firm and true:  
If he cheat us, does it follow  
More are but deceivers too?

Darkest are the hours, remember,  
That are nearest to the day—  
Never grows so dark December  
But it boasts some sunny ray.  
Never yet within the heaven  
Lay a cloud so wholly black,  
But for patient eyes were given  
Lines of silver to its track.

When the world at times grows dreary,  
Dull the day and dark the night,  
And the striving heart turns weary,  
From the shadow it would fight.  
Let the eye but rest a minute  
On the sunny side, and take  
Comfort from the light within it—  
Soon a happier morn shall break.

When the storms are roughest, tell us  
That the sweet calm nearer draws;  
Storm and strife are seldom dwellers,  
Mercy rules o'er nature's laws.  
Let the thought be true to nature,  
Let the mind rise from the sod,  
Let the heart, in every feature,  
Nearer bear the stamp of God!

Let us act, and leave to dreamers  
Idle talking, vain unrest;  
Murmurs never can redeem us,  
Should we shirk the honest test!  
Fast this life of ours grows shorter,  
Narrower grows this bound of ours:  
Long the dim life o'er the water,  
Fadeless the eternal flowers.

Sweep let each one keep his door-step,  
Glancing not at others' doors;  
Weak are bitter words—one more step  
Brings us to the golden floors.  
Pour in oil of kindness, making  
Light the wheels of Life to turn:  
Gentle words are best for talking  
The hot dryness from the burn.

Let us give to each one credit,  
Not with cynic glances sneer:  
One long path, if right be tread it,  
Gives enough for mortal here.  
Rugged oft the road and sunless,  
Truest courage oft may fail,  
But the journey is not done less  
Should the cheerful heart prevail.

Glad, as not with reckless gladness;  
Firm, as not with harsh intent—  
(Life was never made for madness,  
Nor the heart for mourning sent)—  
Let us, working, living, kindly  
Strive to make the world more blest:  
We—but laborers, toiling blindly—  
Shadows in the dark at best.

### FADED HOPES.

"THERE'S the new moon over your right shoulder, Nell—make a wish," and John Hargrave turned his eyes from the contemplation of the young moon to the blushing face beside him.

"I'd wish that you'd take me to the picnic to-morrow, but there is no use in that, if you are going to the city, I suppose," and the pretty lips pouted bewitchingly.

"I'd do most anything to please you, Nellie, and you know it, little rogue, and are trying to make me regret still more that I can't take you; but this business can't be put off any way, and I dare say by the time I come back you'll be enjoying yourself so much with those cousins you're expecting, that you'll forget all about the picnic. Then, why don't you make a wish that they'll be sure and come to-morrow? You have been telling about it so long, I suppose you would feel terribly disappointed if they didn't come."

"Oh, I've been wishing that for the past two weeks, so if wishing is all that is necessary, I'm sure not to be disappointed. Besides, in the letter we received yesterday, they told papa they would be here on Monday, so I shall look for them then any way."

"Would you feel very bad if they didn't come, Nellie?"

The faint light showed the plain, dark face bent with an eager, questioning look upon her own. Turning away her head so as not to let him see the mischievous light in the dark eyes, she answered emphatically:

"Why, of course I would. I should be perfectly miserable."

There was silence for a few moments, and then he again began:

"I think I heard you say the young man is very homely? That is strange, too, when the sister is so handsome."

Nellie knew that she had never said anything of the kind, but her quick woman's wit readily comprehended the drift of this question, and like most of her sex, did not fail to take advantage of it by displaying a greater degree of interest than she really felt.

"Homely! Well, I guess you must have dreamt that, John. Why, they say he is just as handsome as she is, and then they are both such splendid singers. What a pity you don't sing, John! we would have made such a splendid quartette," and she laughed gayly at her conceit.

John made no answer, but a deep pang shot through his heart at the thought that another might come between him and the sweet girl he had once hoped to call his wife.

Somehow the rest of that walk home was a silent one, unbroken save by the soft rustle of the wind through the trees, and the low piping of the drowsy insects that peopled the groves and hollows of Westbrook farm.

The first threads of light that lay on Farmer Westbrook's porch were broken by the tall form of John Hargrave, as he and Nellie stepped from the shadow of the branching tree that overhung it. He paused to say good-night, and as he held her hand, he said with a careless upward gaze:

"You have forgotten your wish, Nellie. Shall I tell you what mine would be?" and meeting her questioning glance, he said, while a world of feeling trembled through the low tones: "That no one might rob me of you, my little Nellie."

There was a comical glance from under the long eye-lashes, the small hand was hastily withdrawn, and raising her eyes with an expression of ludicrous gravity, she began:

"Bewildering orb! I, Nellie Weston, seeing that John Hargrave has become moon-struck, do hereby beseech thee to remove thy baleful influence from his brain, and spare him a further infliction," and then darting a roguish glance toward him, she said archly, "How is that, John? I think my wish much more beneficial than yours."

"Doubtless! It is a pity you didn't make the first," was the mortified rejoinder.

"Oh, no; I wouldn't have had a subject then, you know," and she looked up to see the smile that after her most unmerciful banterings she always coaxed into his face. But she had gone too far this time, as the reproachful look testified, so changing her tactics, she said pleadingly, as she laid her white hand on his arm:

"You are not angry with me, John, are you?"

There was no resisting that winning tone, and the face relaxed into a smile, half said, as he answered:

"You know I could not be angry with you, Nellie; but your words give me many a heart-ache that you little dream of."

What further he would have said was staid by a vigorous slap on the cheek, and Nellie looked ruefully down at the rosy palm, in search of the imaginary mosquito, which she gravely assured John she had completely annihilated, showing her empty palm as a further assurance. John received her explanation with a smile of resignation, well knowing that a further attempt at seriousness would provoke a like result; for now that she had succeeded in restoring him to good humor, the gay girl did not intend that he should again revert to the subject.

Standing there by the trailing jacinth that scented the air around, the low-toned katydid in its leafy covert keeping time with Nellie's gay chattering, her gay laugh rippling forth like some wild night-bird's song, it seemed a hard thing for John to tear himself away. But the good-by had to be spoken, and clasping the extended hand, he bent hastily forward, and imprinting a kiss on the red lips, started off, leaving Nellie the very impersonification of astonishment at John's unwonted audacity—and he usually so bashful. Verily he was fast improving; and recovering from her surprise, Nellie was herself again; and as his tall form emerged from the shadow of the tree and stood revealed in the pale light, she raised her finger with a saucy menacing gesture toward him, and called out, laughingly:

"Beware, sir! I will have my revenge on your return."

"No, no! I will plead guilty and restore it," was answered back, and a gay laugh echoed out on the still air.

There was an answering smile on Nellie's face as she passed into the house, and as the last fold of her dress was shut in by the closing door, John resumed his homeward walk, whistling softly to himself and thinking of Nellie.

What trifles make up our existence! An hour before, and John's sky had frowned darkly at the prospect of the expected cousin's arrival; but now, by that magic talisman, pilfered as it was, his jealous fears were quieted and soothed into complete forgetfulness.

And Nellie was not angry. He whispered the words to himself with that inward delight with which we always cling to a thought that gives us pleasure; for with that playful menace yet ringing in his ears, he felt that he was forgiven, and in the simplicity of his strong, loving heart, he would not have exchanged the ecstasy of that moment for the crown of emperors.

He was just in that state of blissful uncertainty that gives the greatest zest to love; uncertainty, not on his part, for had he been asked when he first loved her, he would have dated it back to the time of her advent at B—, when, a wee girl in short frock and pantafoles, she had seemed to his admiring eyes the prettiest object on earth.

But those days lived but in memory. The awkward youth had grown to manhood, with the boyish admiration of then changed to the fervent love of now; while the little Nellie was lost in the beautiful capricious girl, who alternately teased and coaxed, receiving John's lover-like attentions with a careless gaiety that often annoyed him, little incidents like the above holding back the words that trembled on his lips, though his every act showed how deeply her image was rooted in his heart.

He had looked forward to the arrival of Philip and Gertrude Sydney, Nellie's cousins, with as much anxiety as Nellie herself, anxious to see the reception of the rival-to-be; and the poor fellow had worked himself into a perfect fever, at the

prospect of Nellie's transferring her affections to another; and now, to make matters still worse, business had called him to the city, and Philip would have a whole week to storm the citadel unguarded by him.

The thought had given him many a heart-ache, but the memory of the white hand resting on his shoulder for one brief moment, as the sweet voice asked so pleadingly if he were angry, and the touch of those bright lips, that yet thrilled through his being, banished his fears, and with a light heart he started for the city the next day.

In the very train that thundered past as he idly glanced out the car windows, sat Philip and Gertrude, even then speculating on the beauty and amiability of the cousin they had not seen for years; while farmer Westbrook's gray team stood restlessly pawing the ground as they waited at the village depot; and in the old farm-house they had left a short time before, a tiny figure flitted back and forth, and a white hand twined the short perverse curls that would not do right.

At last all was finished. The little cluster of fresh June roses hung from the drooping curls, so that their red hearts seemed to reflect their ruby richness in the fair cheek, the blue sash was looped over the light flowing lawn, the last stray fold was adjusted, and with a little glance of satisfaction at the bright face that smiled back at her from the mirror, she tripped down-stairs, and into the kitchen, where Mrs. Westbrook was busy making preparations for dinner. She looked up from the snowy cloth she was spreading with a glance of loving pride at her daughter; but she was a woman of few words, and her simple, "You look well, child," was almost lost in the noisy clatter of the dishes.

Seeing that her mother did not require her assistance, she sought the veranda to wait the coming of the guests. The old house-dog that lazily sunned himself in the warm sunshine half opened his sleepy eyes and with a slight wag of his tail acknowledged the approach of his young mistress.

With a playful pull of his long, silky ears, she succeeded in rousing him, and, raising himself, he shook his huge body and sprang toward her.

"Down, Sport, down!" and with uplifted hand she listened to the sound of approaching carriage-wheels.

She caught a glimpse of the well-known horses through the trees, heard her father's accustomed chirrup, and in a moment more the carriage drew up before the door.

A young man, with a proud, aristocratic face, first alighted and assisted a tall, beautiful girl to follow him. Nellie's heart beat rapidly as they advanced toward her, and her father, with a smile of pardonable vanity, introduced her as:

"My daughter, Nellie," adding, good-naturedly, "Well, little girl, haven't you a word of welcome for your cousins?"

Conquering her embarrassment, she answered, with a modest blush:

"You, papa, who know how long I have been wishing to see them, can best answer that," and, extending a hand to each, she added: "If, during your stay, you experience but one-half the pleasure I expect to derive, I shall be content."

"If my satisfaction throughout equals that attending my arrival, your wish will be more than gratified," was the gay reply of Gertrude; while Philip's deep tones added, gallantly:

"If it be but a study of our charming cousin's face, the time could not be otherwise than agreeable to me."

Withdrawing the hand he held, and still holding Gertrude by the other, she drew her into the hall, saying to Philip, as she did so:

"Flattery, as well as the studied Miss and Mr., must be discarded from our trio at the outset. Do you not agree with me?" she questioned, turning playfully toward Gertrude.

"To the latter part, certainly. Let him who has been guilty of the former speak for himself," and she bent her dark eyes on her brother.

"If it is displeasing to you, I will readily promise both the first and last, Nellie."

The low tones that spoke her name so softly Nellie could scarcely associate with that grave face, and on their way above stairs she mentally contrasted its coldness with the soft loveliness of his sister.

"Isn't this breeze delightful? I declare I feel invigorated already," was the salutation of Gertrude, as, having removed traveling-dress and bonnet, she joined Philip on the veranda. She had scarcely reached his side, when she began:

"Well, brother, what do you think of her?"

"Think? Just what your tone tells me you do," was the unequivocal reply.

Gertrude rejoined, with a hearty laugh:

"Then I pity you, for you will be irrevocably in love before another week rolls by."

"No danger of that, sister mine. I am not the one to fall in love with every pretty face and low-toned voice; so have no fears on my account."

At that moment Nellie appeared and the conversation ceased. At dinner they were received with kindly hospitality by Mrs. Westbrook, whose cheery face was a welcome of itself.

Throughout the meal Philip's eyes wandered persistently to the face of the fair girl who so ably sustained her part in the conversation, seemingly so unconscious of her own loveliness. He had expected to see a pleasant-faced, agreeable girl answering to the title of cousin; but he had found, instead, a vision of loveliness, fair as ever graced his city home, and he could not withhold the glance of admiration with which he regarded her.

Gertrude had read the direction of his thoughts, and taken the first opportunity to shake her head with a warning gesture toward him, which, though fully interpreted, only elicited from him a smile of unmoved composure.

Ah, the piano in that old parlor! Never did it give forth such soul-stirring strains as it did beneath the skillful touch of Gertrude; and when her voice and Philip's floated out in song, rolling in rich waves through the house, Nellie stood lost in

silent ecstasy, and the bright tear that stood in the dark eyes was a silent tribute to their success.

"Come, Nellie, this piano doesn't stand here for nothing. Now that we have obliged you, it is your turn to show us to what use you put it," and Gertrude playfully pushed her toward it.

Vainly she tried to be excused, on the ground that she knew nothing of music whatever, save a few simple strains that she had learned from ear alone. Excuses availed nothing; they either did, or feigned not to believe her, and at last, finding no way of escape, she seated herself, and touching a few simple chords, the low tones began a plaintive melody, that gradually gained in confidence, showing the power and sweetness of the flexible voice. The chords lacked correctness, but there was no discordance, rather a weird, peculiar harmony, that involuntarily held the ear enchained. She was quite unprepared for the shower of compliments that greeted her as she rose, nor did she scarce heed them, for her mind was filled with but one thought, to play and sing like Gertrude.

Somewhere, in the dim aisles of the past, she remembered a distant city home, where a sister, whose voice was now attuned to the angel's, had called forth music like Gertrude's. Since that long ago the piano had been removed to the cottage home, where it now stood, a sad reminder of the gentle hands now lost in dust, Nellie, with a soul filled with music, had never had an instructor, but, left to herself, she brought forth such music as her wild fancy dictated.

It was not long before Gertrude, learning her wish, had constituted herself instructor during her stay, and it was laughable to see the two girls seated before the piano, as teacher and pupil, and listen to their gay laughter at Nellie's repeated failures. At such times Philip would sit quietly by engaged with some book; but the white hand moving so hesitatingly over the keys of the piano and the bright face turned partially toward him were evidently a far pleasanter study. Certain it was that the dark eyes were bent more frequently on the tableaux before him than on the open page.

Nellie's awe of her stately cousin was fast diminishing, and though she did not yet turn her battery of mischief upon him, an occasional shaft of witicism glanced in among his quiet remarks, turning them to ridicule, and forcing a laugh in spite of himself.

One morning, about a week after their arrival, Gertrude had sought the garden to inspect the flowers she so much admired, and Philip, seated in an easy chair in the pleasant sitting-room, sat idly watching Nellie as she dusted the various articles disposed around the room. The fact that his eyes were upon her may have had something to do with the awkward movement that sent the pretty gilt-bound book from the table to the floor. As she stooped to pick it up, Philip's hand anticipated the movement, and raising it, he restored it to her, merely glancing at the written names on the fly-leaf, "John to Nellie." She thanked him, and as he was about to resume his seat, his eye rested on a withered cluster of heartsease that had dropped from the book as it fell. After inspecting them a moment, he raised them as though to inhale a breath of their departed fragrance, saying, as his eye rested on Nellie:

"These look like the gift of some impassioned lover to his mistress. Do, Nellie, favor me with an account of their history. Doubtless we shall have such an account of love, despair, and reconciliation, ending in a marriage to be, as shall make me wish myself a novelist, to commit it to the world in the shape of a grand love romance. But, unfortunately, I am not so gifted, so the story will have to be for my ear alone. Come, Nellie, I am listening," and he bent himself in an attitude of profound attention.

"What! Do you wish me to enact the rôle of a confiding maid and disclose my heart's secrets to your careless gaze?"

"Oh, no; not at all, if you do not desire it," he answered, mistaking her tone for one of seriousness. "Besides, it is not necessary. I am sufficient Yankee to judge that it is from some country genius, who, doubtless, sat through half a night searching his mental calibre for some suitable flower to tell his love."

The blush that had flickered on Nellie's cheek since the conversation first began deepened at his satirical remark; but whether with wounded feeling or anger, it would be difficult to determine. But she took no further notice of it than to answer calmly:

"You are disposed to be complimentary. But a moment ago you predicted a marriage between that same country swain and myself; so take care how you deal in the ironical, lest your remarks glance backward to me."

"Beg pardon; I meant no such reflection, I assure you."

The proud lip was slightly curled, but Nellie looked up with that irresistible expression she knew so well how to assume, and as her dark eyes softened, she said:

"Cousin Philip, would you really like to know the history of those faded flowers? 'Tis a sad, sad tale. Few people think that I have known sorrow, Philip—for how can they dream of my bitter grief, when I so seldom unveil its sad secret?" She seated herself on the sofa, and motioned him to a place beside her. For a moment sobs seemed to shake her slight form, and then, without removing her handkerchief, she said in a low, tremulous tone:

"Bring them to me again, Philip, that I may look upon them and recall my wrong."

The young man obeyed, while a look of painful sympathy rested on his face, and he regretted the unfortunate circumstance that had roused such painful memories.

"It was in the summer of 1864." Here the voice ceased, and she made a violent effort to control herself. A momentary pause, and she again began. "It was one of those lovely sunset hours



when earth and heaven seem meeting. None will ever know the wild tumult that filled my heart at the moment, when, with a restless longing I left my room, and wandered out into the garden. Passing by the kitchen door, my eye fell on a huge carving-knife. My evil genius seemed urging me on, and I took it. Oh, Philip, the deed is too horrible!" Here the voice again broke down, while Philip sought to soothe her, and waited in painful curiosity for the close. "Yes, Philip, I took it and hastened down the garden walk. I reached the gate and found what I sought. In all its beauty it lay there, the treasure I had ever guarded so tenderly. I stooped above it. The knife fell from my hand, and Philip, I killed it. I put it there that it might ever remind me of that wretched deed; and to-day it has imparted a useful lesson, warning all young men never to pry into a maiden's secret," and springing up with a bewildering laugh, she reached the door, and with a low, mocking courtesy, vanished before Philip had recovered from his astonishment.

He was too much a man of the world to allow his intense mortification and chagrin to show itself before his pretty cousin; and when next they met, he answered the merry twinkle of her eye with one as unconcerned as though the subject were completely forgotten, nor did he again allude to it through the day, though it was constantly in his thoughts; and his very ears tingled when he thought how ludicrous he must have appeared to her, and an impatient frown contracted his brow, as he asked himself why he should care how she regarded him. But strive as he might, he could not banish the memory of that saucy laugh, that still seemed to mock him with its echo.

The lazy summer afternoon crept slowly on, and the garish day-god, flushed and heated with his day's travel, was just sinking into the ruby-pillared couch that hung in the gloomy West, inviting him to its soft embrace. Philip stood on the portico, with his eyes fixed on the bright panorama of floating clouds with a dreamy, pre-occupied look, that showed his thoughts were elsewhere.

The click of the opening gate roused him, and without changing his position, he gave a rapid glance toward it. That glance was sufficient to show him Nellie, walking leisurely up the garden path, her gipsy hat swinging on her arm, while her curls fell in loose disorder round her face. The walk had given to her cheeks an added tinge, making her dark eyes look the brighter, and Philip acknowledged, as he had many times before, that she was very lovely.

He waited until she stood close beside him, before he feigned to know she was there, and then he turned with a slow movement, that seemed to imply his annoyance at being disturbed.

But Nellie was not at all discomposed; fanning herself vigorously, she said:

"I trust that my unperceived approach did not frighten you seriously, or demolish any of the air-castles you were, doubtless, weaving."

There was a slight accent on "unperceived" that he fully understood, and in his present state of mind he felt strongly tempted to retaliate; but upon second thought he answered:

"No, not at all. I was merely enjoying the sunset, and I am glad to have a companion who can appreciate it with me."

There was a very expressive "Ah!" uttered in a slight undertone, and then following his gaze, her face lit up with an expression of earnest admiration, as she said, enthusiastically:

"Oh, for the pencil of a Raphael, to commit those glowing skies to canvas."

"I fear me the pencil would be of little use without the power to wield it; though if you proved as apt in that, as in some other things I might mention, you would succeed admirably."

"I suppose that is intended as a compliment, and though they have been prohibited, I shall have to acknowledge this one to show my appreciation of the giver;" and she dropped another little courtesy, that reminded him strongly of his morning's experience.

She again turned toward the sun, and watched it until it disappeared from sight; and then glancing toward Philip, she saw that he was intently regarding her. She tried to look unconcerned, as she said:

"Of what now are you thinking, may I ask?"

He glanced down at the long spray of dark green myrtle that he had been turning round his finger, and then up again at the bright face.

"I was thinking how this would look in your hair. May I place it there?"

He gathered a half-open rosebud that bent its full stalk beside him, and twining it in the myrtle, he placed it in the brown curls, as she bent her head with a graceful, coquettish movement toward him, saying, as he did so:

"Nellie, do you understand the language of flowers?"

"No language save that which is written in their soft beauty, telling of the Hand that made them."

The low, touching answer, was uttered with an earnest gravity, that sat well on the fair face.

"Then you do not understand what that myrtle says to you, Nellie? Never mind, I will tell you some other time."

She felt her heart thrill at his earnest tones, but she answered with resumed gayety:

"Till then I will give it a place beside the one you so much admired this morning; and perchance some one may weave a romance out of that, too, not dreaming that it was only a cousin's hand that bestowed it."

Somewhat the word "cousin" jarred on his ear, but just at that moment Gertrude appeared in the doorway, and said, with a gay laugh:

"What's that you are saying about cousins? Really, an outsider might think you something more; so to save you from any unnecessary embarrassment on that score, I will break in upon this seemingly lover-like tête-à-tête, and constitute

myself that ever-in-the-way third party—that is, if you do not consider my coming intrusive."

"Just the contrary! 'The more the merrier'—and Nellie moved to make room beside her.

Long, long they sat there, till the stars came out, and the moon floated high in the heavens. And, idly watching it, Nellie thought of John's words to her the night of his departure—"I would wish that no one might rob me of you, my little Nellie," and smiled as she recalled it.

Two days more and he would be at home; but somehow she did not look forward to his return with half the pleasure she had expected to. But, notwithstanding her wish to the contrary, the time flew fast, bringing Thursday in its train, and Nellie knew that he had come, for her father had seen him at the depot, and had been commissioned by him to tell her that he would be around in the evening.

She had told her cousins whom she expected; and Philip started when he recognized the first name as that in the book he had seen, but he made no comments. One rapid glance at Nellie's face showed him that he was not mistaken; and with all the impatience with which John had waited to see his unknown rival, did Philip now wait to see him.

He could scarcely suppress a smile at the embarrassed, though not ill-looking young man, that presented himself at the appointed time; but Nellie's smiling face and her guests' affability soon put John at his ease: and the embarrassment that had at first made him seem awkward gradually wearing off, he showed himself as he was, a man of good sense and sound principles, and as Gertrude afterward observed, a very interesting companion. Philip, too, silently acknowledged his worth, but fancying he noticed Nellie's expressive glances toward him, he relaxed into moody silence for the remainder of the evening.

The next day as Philip wandered restlessly about, Gertrude joined him, and to his inquiry for Nellie, replied:

"Up in her room. I entered rather unexpectedly, and found her dreaming over what seemed to be a spray of myrtle. She blushed and looked so confused, that thinking myself *de trop*, I appeared not to notice it, and after a moment's talk, I hastened down to find you. I shouldn't wonder at all that that young Hargrave who was here last evening, and who seems to be a lover, gave it to her," and Gertrude eyed her brother searchingly as she spoke.

The slight flush that had mounted to his brow, as she told him how his gift was treasured, vanished, and a slight frown contracted his broad forehead, as he returned with a gesture of impatience:

"Nellie Westbrook is a girl of too much good sense to unite herself with one so greatly her inferior in mental endowments."

"Now, brother, you are unjust! Mr. Hargrave is a gentleman of excellent capacity, and, notwithstanding his lack of ease, I saw the diamond through its unpolished exterior, and consequently gave him my earnest appreciation."

"The appreciation you speak of will meet with a return, if you exert yourself, I have no doubt."

He said this in a tone of annoyance unusual to him.

"Such a result would raise me to the seventh heaven, and I might, if I chose, mention another, who would be equally well pleased at the transfer; but I will not be meddlesome," and she gave a little malicious laugh, as she added, "If Nellie is through with her love-dream, I will ask her what she thinks of it, and if I can gain her concurrence, a few more weeks, and I may be Mrs. H." and without pausing to note the effect of her words, she passed into the house, singing gayly as she went.

That Philip loved deeply, truly, she felt convinced; and now, with all the curiosity of her sex, she determined to know whether Nellie was really as indifferent as she seemed, and for this she sought her. She found her drumming softly on the sill, as she looked dreamily out of the window, but at her cousin's entrance she turned, saying:

"I was just coming down; but seeing your brother leave the house, I knew you would soon be up again."

"Philip? Oh, he's only taking a stroll among the trees," and Gertrude passed over and stood beside her, looking down on her brother, as he walked in a gloomy, abstracted manner back and forth.

"Yes! he's cross this morning," she continued, "I guess he's thinking about Maud;" and then as though she had forgotten, she added, hastily: "I never told you about her, did I?" and without waiting for an answer she went on, "Maud Sylverton—that was her name! She was both beautiful and proud, and as heartless a coquette as ever lived. Brother didn't know that, though, until he was madly in love with her. He tried to change her by persuasion; but it seems that they at last quarreled, though I never knew any of the particulars, for he never mentioned it. Since then they have never met, though I sometimes think that he yet loves her."

Ah! Gertrude, that was a skillful tale, but your little stratagem has failed this time, and you can read nothing in that quiet, attentive face. True, there is a wildly-beating heart that seems bursting its bonds, and the fierce and sudden pain that shot through it did not betray itself in the still face, that never once lost the appearance of friendly interest through it all. She did not even remove her eyes from the proud form pacing beneath her window, as unconscious of her gaze as was she of the searching eyes, that watched in vain for a change in the usually expressive face.

There was no curiosity to learn more of the beautiful coquette who held the heart she yearned for, but she only returned calmly, while a dreamy look settled in the dark eyes:

"One would not think, to look at Philip, that he ever dreamt of love, but it is a pity it ended so

unhappily. He should have made another trial before resigning her so completely." And nodding her head toward Philip, who at that moment glanced up at them, she added, as she turned from the window: "That smile augurs well. I shouldn't wonder that they made up in the most approved story style, and there will be a grand wedding yet," and she tripped lightly across the floor, with a girlish laugh.

"Would that it might be," Gertrude answered, with bitter meaning, and the words ended in a heavy sigh at the thought that the romance she had woven might now be realized in part. She would have warned her brother of his wasted love, but his pride held her aloof.

That was a cruel, cruel test; and thoughtless Gertrude's heart would have ached with remorse could she have looked into Nellie's room that night and seen the pale, anguished face bent above that withered rosebud, round which the spray of myrtle was yet clinging. She had placed them before her, those flowers that whispered of him, as though to contrast the brightness of the past with the misery of the present—her once joyous hopes with the aching heart that bore her love for another written on it in burning lines. Once she raised her hand with a quick movement, as though to destroy them, and then a spasm of pain contracted her brow, and, letting it fall, she leaned her head on the table, a wild flood of tears came to her relief, and the ice that cased her heart was broken.

As she became more calm her woman's pride returned, and with it came the thought that he had trifled with her. True; he had never openly avowed his love, but she could not blind her eyes to the thousand little undignified acts of devotion that she now knew were all false. Had not Gertrude's words proved it? And the brave little heart determined to show him that he was nothing to her. It was a weary task, but it must be done; and it was this determination that made John's heart beat bright with hope as he noted the tender light in the dark eyes and listened to the low, sweet tones that were for him alone. Philip jealously watched each new attention, and he could not restrain the deep groan with which his heart acknowledged his hopeless love.

Alone with herself, Nellie's heart reproached her for the deceptive part she was playing, but pride stilled its whisperings and urged her on.

Four more miserable days, when even Nellie's forced gaiety could not banish the restraint that seemed falling upon the little party, and the time had arrived for Gertrude and Philip's return home. There were many expressions of regret at their departure, but Gertrude reminded them that they would not be parted long, as she should look for a visit from Nellie in the winter. But though Philip's eyes looked all the eloquence of persuasion as Gertrude urged, she could not be induced to promise. So forced to be content with her "Perhaps," the good-byes were spoken, and though her hand trembled slightly as it rested in Philip's, she met the yearning love mirrored in that last, long gaze, with a cold indifference that left him no room for hope.

After they had gone, the strength that held her up through those days of trial well-nigh deserted her. Her smile lost all its gaiety, and a weary look settled in the fair face, plainly perceptible to those around; but attributing it to loneliness, they took no notice of it, thinking she would soon regain her lost spirits, and thus left to herself, Nellie felt more keenly her bitter heart-lesson.

And when one night John Hargrave, in words made eloquent by his intense love for her, stood beside her on the old porch, and asked her to be his wife, she forgot that she no longer had a heart to give—forgot that she only loved him as a kind, good brother—forgot all—and resting her weary head on his broad shoulder, with a sense of utter security as he drew her toward him, she promised to be his; and her choking sobs were hushed as his rough hand smoothed, with a woman's touch, the soft curls, as he tried to soothe her. To his earnest questionings, she returned but one answer: "Some time, John, you shall know all."

If Nellie ever looked with a startled sense of wrong on the promise she had pledged, she felt no regret, as her heart whispered, that though her own were aching, she would not bring unhappiness to another; judging his by the depth of her own wasted love, she would save him the blow that had fallen on her; and binding together the broken threads of her life, she would yield to him all a wife's tender respect, and in duty strive to bury the memory of the unhappy past.

Meanwhile, Philip, in his distant city home, had learned from Gertrude's lips, whose conscience had never been quite at rest, of the deceptive part she had played to test Nellie's love; and with that as a plea for her indifference, which now with all love's confidence he believed to be assumed, he determined to lose no time, but seeking Nellie in her distant cottage home, tell her of the love he had once thought so hopeless.

It was one of those golden sunsets in October—a mild, beautiful hour, and Nellie had sought a rustic bench, at the end of a long line of trees that screened her from the house, and sat thinking of just such an hour, two months before, when she and Philip had watched the glory of a summer sunset together.

Philip Sydney had at that moment entered, unannounced, the presence of Mrs. Westbrook, startling that usually unexcitable old lady into an expression of astonishment unusual to her. His first eager inquiry was for Nellie, and she told him where he could find her. Nellie, lost in thought, raised her head mechanically at the sound of approaching footsteps, but she sprang to her feet with a startled cry as Philip stood before her, and it was some moments before she recovered herself sufficiently to answer his joyous salutation. He drew her tenderly to her seat, forgetting to remove the arm he had placed round her, saying, as he bent his eyes, dark with a tender love-light, upon her face:

"What startled you so at seeing me, Nellie—my unexpected appearance? And can you not guess what brought me here, darling?" and in his eagerness he did not wait for an answer, but in deep, passionate tones pleaded for her love, telling her what Constance had told him, bidding him hope when all was despair. His face was lit with eager hope as he paused, waiting for her answer. The face turned toward his had been growing white and more grief-stricken, and as he finished, she moaned:

"If I had only known this sooner; but now it is too late, too late."

She repeated the words in a low, mournful tone, as though all that made life dear was dead to her, while Philip, with whitening lips and frightened look, dared not guess their import, but said, as he seized her hand:

"Look up, darling, and tell me, for heaven's sake, what this means?"

That dreary look still slept in the sad eyes, and the white pencillings still lingered round the mouth, as she told him how weary Gertrude's words had made life seem to her; how she had almost prayed to die: and then, of the promise that bound her to another, holding the cup of happiness from her lips.

In vain Philip pleaded with her, telling her that she had no right to sacrifice two lives for one; that it was wrong to perjure herself at the altar, with her heart in the keeping of another. But it was useless. She reasoned that her duty lay with him to whom she had pledged herself, and though her heart plead wildly for him, she could not prove recreant to her promise. In his utter wretchedness Philip was almost tempted to reproach her for her unjust cruelty to him; but one glance at that face, white with the stamp of misery, and the words were forgotten, as, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, he drew her slight form toward him, and showering passionate kisses on the pale, upturned face, he entreated her, by every endearing name, to recall her words.

She raised herself from his arms, and drew away from the hand that would have held her, saying, in a tone she struggled to make calm:

"It can never be, Philip; and though my heart is breaking, we must part here and now, for ever."

He looked at her for one moment, with a wild, yearning gaze, and then, seizing her passive hand, he pressed it convulsively to his lips, breathed one heart-thrilling farewell, and he was gone, leaving her alone with her dead hopes and broken heart.

Autumn glided into winter, winter into spring, and when the trees hung thick with blossoms, and the air was musical with the song of birds, there was a wedding at the old village church; and though the bride's face was as white as the dress she wore, and gossip predicted with a mournful shake of the head an early death to sweet Nellie Westbrook, so soon to be Nellie Hargrave, and those who knew her best talked of how the bright girl they once knew had changed, the proud bridegroom stood with a tender, triumphant smile on his face, never dreaming of the sacrifice that young heart was making for him. He had never asked an explanation of her strange tears, the night she had promised to be his, and she never again spoke of it.

But though she is his wife, she cannot quite forget; and sometimes when she is alone, her tears fall thick and fast on a little morocco case, as she looks on its treasured contents—a spray of myrtle that yet retains its graceful curve, and a withered rosebud. Faded relics of faded hopes.

**FACTS ABOUT MUSIC.**—In the early ages of Christianity, the power of music in adding to religious solemnity was fully appreciated, and many of the fathers and most distinguished prelates cultivated the auxiliary science. St. Gregory expressly sent over Augustine, the monk, with some singers, who entered the city of Canterbury singing a litany in the Gregorian chant, which extended the number of the four tones of St. Ambrose to eight. A school for church music was established at Canterbury; and it was also taught in the diocese of Durham and Weremouth. St. Dunstan was a celebrated musician, and was accused of having invented a most wonderful magic harp; it was, perhaps, to prove that the accusation was false that he took the devil by the nose with a pair of tongs. This ingenious saint is said to be the inventor of organs, one of which he bestowed on the abbey of Malmesbury. It appears, however, that instruments resembling the organ were known as early as 364, and were described in a Greek epigram attributed to Julian the Apostate, in which he says, "I behold reeds of a new species, the growth of each other, and a brazen soil; such as are not agitated by the winds, but by a blast that rushes from a leathern cavern beneath their roots; while a robust mortal, running with swift fingers over the concordant keys, makes them, as they smoothly dance, emit melodious sounds." The influence of music on the fair sex has long been acknowledged, and this advantage has proved fatal to some artists who had recourse to its fascinating powers; Mark Smeton was involved in the misfortune of Anne Boleyn; Thomas Abel, who taught harmony to Catharine, met with a similar fate; and David Rizzio was not more fortunate. They were, perhaps, too much impressed with the ideas of Cloten; "I am advis'd to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate."

At a meeting of an Agricultural Society in England, a Mr. Just, who is described as a farmer of high standing in the neighborhood, where he has lived for fifty years, made a speech in which he maintained that education had been a positive injury to the laboring classes, since its effect had been to make the men think more of themselves and their families, and less of the masters. It is evident that Mr. Just has not been injured by education, but his remarks are noticeable only as showing the opinions held by a large class of persons who are called conservatives. Think "it being considered a bad thing for a man to think more of himself and his family than of such masters as Mr. Just shows he evidently is."

"Where was John Rogers turned to death?" said the teacher to me, in a commanding voice.

"I couldn't tell; to the next—no answer."

"Joshua knows," said a little girl at the foot of the class.

"Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows he may tell."

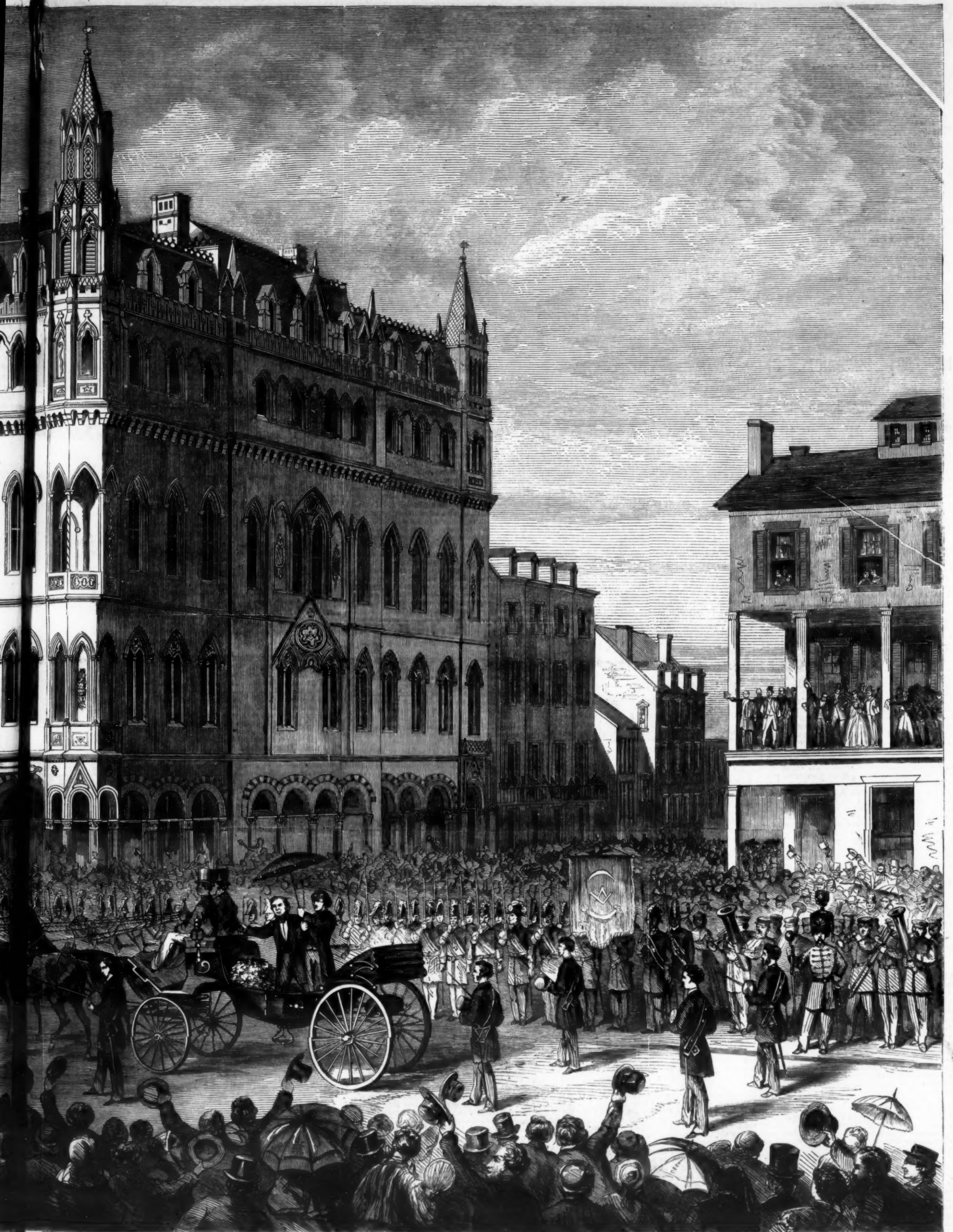
"In the fire!" said Joshua, looking very wise.





GRAND MASONIC CELEBRATION, AND DEDICATION OF THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE, CORNER OF TREMONT AND BOYLSTON STREETS, BOSTON.





MONDAY, JUNE 24TH, 1867--PRESIDENT JOHNSON, ACCOMPANIED BY M. W. GRAND MASTER C. C. DAME, PASSING IN FRONT OF THE TEMPLE.—SEE PAGE 263.



## TWO GARDENS.

How strange, your garden plot runs down  
To meet my plot against the walk!  
And by the window, toward the town,  
With mine your own green laurels talk!

Each morn and eve the same old ways  
We pace; we meet within the park  
We loved in your unmarried days!  
So near your lips, I dare not hark!

And when we meet there is no bow,  
Nor smile, nor motion of the head;  
At times I'm puzzled thinking how  
Two lives became so strangely dead.

Of when your harp the sweetest sounds,  
Or from my neighbor's walls I hear,  
At twilight, walking in my grounds,  
Your voice in song, alas! too dear,

I marvel how we live who lean,  
And know we lean, our living weight  
Still on each other. Is't for sin  
That such a burden falls too late?

Our gardens are so near, and yet  
How wide apart our lives must be  
We best can tell, whose stars are set  
Asunder till eternity.

You train your rose; at times I see  
Your fingers pluck some withered flowers:  
But, ah, you dare not raise to me  
Those eyes afire with Love's lost hours!

## THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.—GRACE CRAWLEY RETURNS HOME.

ABOUT this time Grace Crawley received two letters, the first of them reaching her while John Eames was still at the cottage, and the other immediately after his return to London. They both help to tell our story, and our reader shall, therefore, read them if he so pleases—or, rather, he shall read the first and as much of the second as is necessary for him. Grace's answer to the first letter we shall see also. Her answer to the second will be told in a very few words. The first was from Major Granly, and the task of answering that was by no means easy to Grace.

"COSBY LODGE, February, 186—.

"DEAREST GRACE—I told you when I parted from you, that I should write to you, and I think it best to do so at once, in order that you may fully understand me. Spoken words are soon forgotten—"I shall never forget his words," Grace said to herself, as she read this—"and are not always as plain as they might be. Dear Grace, I suppose I ought not to say so, but I fancied when I parted from you at Allington, that I had succeeded in making myself dear to you. I believe you to be so true in spirit, that you were unable to conceal from me the fact that you love me. I shall believe that this is so, till I am deliberately and solemnly assured by yourself that it is not so—and I conjure you to think what is due both to yourself and to myself, before you allow yourself to think of making such an assurance unless it be strictly true.

"I have already told my own friends that I have asked you to be my wife. I tell you this, in order that you may know how little effect your answer to me has had toward inducing me to give you up. What you said about your father and your family has no weight with me, and ought ultimately to have none with you. This business of your father's is a great misfortune—no great that, probably, had we not known each other before it happened, it might have prevented our becoming intimate when we chanced to meet. But we had met before it happened, and before it happened I had determined to ask you to be my wife. What should I have to think of myself if I allowed my heart to be altered by such a cause as that?

"I have only further to say that I love you better than any one in the world, and that it is my best hope that you will be my wife. I will not press you till this affair of your father's has been settled; but when that is over I shall look for my reward without reference to its result. Not that I doubt the result if there be anything like justice in England; but that your debt to me, if you owe me any debt, will be altogether irrespective of that. If, as I suppose, you will remain at Allington for some time longer, I shall not see you till after the trial is over. As soon as that is done, I will come to you wherever you are. In the meantime I shall look for an answer to this; and if it be true that you love me, dear, dear Grace, pray have the courage to tell me so.

"Most affectionately your own,  
"HENRY GRANTLY."

When the letter was given to Grace across the breakfast-table, both Mrs. Dale and Lily suspected that it came from Major Granly, but not a word was spoken about it. When Grace, with hesitating hand, broke the envelope, neither of her friends looked at her. Lily had a letter of her own, and Mrs. Dale opened the newspaper. But still it was impossible not to perceive that her face became red with blushes, and then they knew that the letter must be from Major Granly. Grace herself could not read it, though her eye ran down over the two pages, catching a word here and a word there. She had looked at the name at once, and had seen the manner of his signature. "Most affectionately your own!" What was she to say to him? Twice, thrice, as she sat at the breakfast-table, she turned the page of the letter, and at each turning she read the signature. And she read the beginning, "Dearest Grace." More than that she did not really read till she had got the letter away with her into the seclusion of her own room.

Not a word was said about the letter at breakfast. Poor Grace went on eating or pretending to eat, but could not bring herself to utter a word. Mrs. Dale and Lily spoke of various matters, which were quite indifferent to them; but even with them the conversation was so difficult that Grace felt it to be forced, and was conscious that they were thinking about her and her lover. As soon as she could make an excuse she left the room, and hurrying up-stairs took the letter from her pocket and read it in earnest.

"That was from Major Granly, mamma," said Lily.

"I dare say it was, my dear."  
"And what had we better do; or what had we better say?"

"Nothing—I should say. Let him fight his own battle. If we interfere, we may probably only make her more stubborn in clinging to her old idea."

"I think she will cling to it."  
"For a time she will, I dare say. And it will be best that she should. He himself will respect her for it afterward."

Thus it was agreed between them that they should say nothing to Grace about the letter, unless Grace should first speak to them.

Grace read her letter over and over again. It was the first love-letter she had ever had—the first letter she had ever received from any man except her father and brother—the first, almost, that had ever been written to her by any other than her own special friends. The words of it were very strange to her ear. He had told her when he left her that he would write to her, and therefore she had looked forward to the event which had now come; but she had thought that it would be much more distant—and she had tried to make herself believe that when it did come it would be very different from this letter which she now possessed. He will tell me that he has altered his mind. He ought to do so. It is not proper that he should still think of me when we are in such disgrace. But now the letter had come, and she acknowledged the truth of his saying that written words were clearer in their expression than those simply spoken. "Not that I could ever forget a syllable that he said," yet, as she held the letter in her hand, she felt that it was a possession. It was a thing at which she could look in coming years, when he and she might be far apart—a thing at which she could look with pride in remembering that he had thought her worthy of it.

Neither on that day nor on the next did she think of her answer, nor on the third or the fourth with any steady thinking. She knew that an answer had to be written, and she felt that the sooner it was written the easier might be the writing; but she felt also that it should not be written too quickly. A week should first elapse, she thought, and therefore a week was allowed to elapse, and then the day for writing her answer came. She had spoken no word about it either to Mrs. Dale or to Lily. She had longed to do so, but had feared. Even though she should speak to Lily, she could not be led by Lily's advice. Her letter, whatever it might be, must be her own letter. She would admit of no dictation. She must say her own say, let her say it ever so badly. As to the manner of saying it, Lily's aid would have been invaluable; but she feared that she could not secure that aid without compromising her own power of action—her own individuality; and, therefore, she said no word about the letter either to Lily or to Lily's mother.

On a certain morning she fixed herself at her desk to write her letter. She had known that her task would be difficult, but she had little known how difficult it would be. On that day of her first attempt she did not get it written at all. How was she to begin? He had called her "Dearest Grace," and this mode of beginning seemed as easy as it was sweet. "It is very easy for a gentleman," she said to herself, "because he may say just what he pleases." She wrote the words, "Dearest Henry," on a scrap of paper, and immediately tore it into fragments, as though she were ashamed of having written them. She knew that she would not dare to send away a letter beginning with such words. She would not even have dared to let such words in her own handwriting remain within the recesses of her own little desk. "Dear Major Granly," she began at length. It seemed to her to be very ugly, but after much consideration she believed it to be correct. On the second day the letter was written as follows:

"ALLINGTON, Thursday.

"MY DEAR MAJOR GRANTLY—I do not know how I ought to answer your kind letter, but I must tell you that I am very much flattered by your great goodness to me. I can not understand why you should think so much of me, but I suppose it is because you have felt for all our misfortunes. I will not say anything about what might have happened, if it had not been for papa's disgrace; as far as I can help it, I will not think of it; but I am sure that I ought not to think about loving any one, that is, in the way you mean, while we are in such trouble at home. I should not dare to meet any of your great friends, knowing that I had brought nothing with me but disgrace. And I should feel that I was doing an injury to dear Edith, which would be worse to me than anything.

"Pray believe that I am quite in earnest about this. I know that a gentleman ought not to marry any girl to do himself and his family an injury by it; and I know that if I were to make such a marriage I should be unhappy ever afterward, even though I loved the man ever so dearly, with all my heart."

[These last words she had underscored at first, but the doing so had been the unconscious expression of her own affection, and had been done with no desire on her part to convey that expression to him. But on reading the words she discovered their latent meaning, and wrote it all again.]

"Therefore, I know that it will be best that I should wish you good-by, and I do so, thanking you again and again for your goodness to me.

"Believe me to be, yours very sincerely,  
"GRACE CRAWLEY."

The letter when it was written was hateful to her; but she had tried her hand at it again and again, and had found that she could do nothing better. There was much in his letter that she had not attempted to answer. He had implored her to tell him whether or no she did in truth love him. Of course she loved him. He knew that well enough. Why should she answer any such question? There was a way of answering it, indeed, which might serve her turn—or, rather, serve his, of which she was thinking more than of her own. She might say that she did not love him. It would be a lie, and he would know that it would be a lie. But still it might serve the turn. She did not like the idea of writing such a lie as that, but nevertheless she considered the matter. It would be very wicked; but still, if it would serve the turn, might it not be well to write it? But at last she reflected that, after all, the doing of the thing was in her own hands. She could refuse to marry this man without burdening her conscience with any lie about it. It only required that she should be firm. She abstained, therefore, from the falsehood, and left her lover's question unanswered. So she put up her letter and directed it, and carried it herself to the village post-office.

On the day after this, she got the second letter, and that she showed immediately to Mrs. Dale. It was from her mother, and was written to tell her that her father was seriously ill.

"He went up to London to see a lawyer about this weary work of the trial," said Mrs. Crawley. "The fatigue was very great, and on the next day he was so weak that he could not leave his bed. Dr. Turner, who has been very kind, says that we need not frighten ourselves, but he thinks it must be some time before he can leave the house. He has a low fever on him, and wants nourishment. His mind has wandered once or twice, and he has asked for you, and I think it will be best, love, that you should come home. I know you will not mind it when I say that I think he would like to have you here. Dr. Turner says that the illness is chiefly owing to his not having proper food."

Of course she would go at once.

"Dear Mrs. Dale," she said, "I must go home. Can you send me to the station?"

Then Mrs. Dale read the letter. Of course they would send her. Would she go on that day, or on the next? Might it not be better to write first, and say that she was going? But Grace would go at once.

"I know it will be a comfort to mamma; and I know that he is worse than mamma says."

Of course there was no more to be said, and she was dispatched to the station. Before she went Mrs. Dale asked after her purse.

"If there is any trouble about money, for your journey, or any thing, you will not scruple to come to me as to an old friend."

But Grace assured her that there was no trouble about money—for her journey. Then Lily took her aside and produced two clean new five-pound notes.

"Grace, dear, you won't be ill-natured. You know I have a little fortune of my own. You know I can give them without missing them."

Grace threw herself into her friend's arms and wept, but would have none of her money.

"Buy a present from me for your mother—I love, though I do not know her."

"I will give her your love," Grace said, "but nothing else." And then she went.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.—HOOK COURT.

MR. DOBBS BROUGHTON and Mr. Musselboro were sitting together on a certain morning at their office in the city, discussing the affairs of their joint business. The city office was a very poor place indeed, in comparison with the fine house which Mr. Dobbs occupied at the West End; but then city offices are poor places, and there are certain city occupations which seem to enjoy the greater credit the poorer are the material circumstances by which they are surrounded. Turning out of a lane which turns out of Lombard street, there is a desolate, forlorn-looking, dark alley, which is called Hook Court. The entrance to this alley is beneath the first floor of one of the houses in the lane, and in passing under this covered way the visitor to the place finds himself in a small paved square court, at the two further corners of which there are two open doors; for in Hook Court there are only two houses. There is No. 1 Hook Court and No. 2 Hook Court. The entire premises indicated by No. 1 are occupied by a firm of wine and spirit merchants, in connection with whose trade one side and two angles of the court are always lumbered with crates, hampers and wooden cases. And nearly in the middle of the court, though somewhat more to the wine merchants' side than to the other, there is always gaping open a trap-door, leading down to vaults below; and over the trap there is a great board, with a bright advertisement in very large letters:

BURTON & BANGLES,  
HIMALAYA WINES.

22s. 6d. per dozen.

And this notice is so bright and so large, and the trap-door is so conspicuous in the court, that no visitor, even to No. 2, ever afterward can quite divest his memory of those names, Burton & Bangles, Himalaya Wines. It may therefore be acknowledged that Burton & Bangles have achieved their object in putting up the notice. The house No. 2, small as it seems to be, standing in the jamb of a corner, is divided among different occupiers, whose names are painted in small letters upon the very dirty posts of the doorway. Nothing can be more remarkable than the contrast between Burton & Bangles and these other city gentlemen in the method taken by them in declaring their presence to visitors in the court. The names of Dobbs Broughton and A. Musselboro—the Christian name of Mr. Musselboro was Augustus—were on one of those dirty posts, not joined together by any visible "and," so as to declare boldly that they were partners, but in close vicinity—showing at least that the two gentlemen would be found in apartments very near to each other. And on the first floor of this house Dobbs Broughton and his friend did occupy three rooms—or rather two rooms and a closet—between them. The larger and front room was tenanted by an old clerk, who sat within a rail in one corner of it. And there was a broad, short counter which jutted out from the wall into the middle of the room, intended for the use of such of the public as might come to transact miscellaneous business with Dobbs Broughton or Augustus Musselboro. But any one accustomed to the look of offices might have seen with half an eye that very little business was ever done on that counter. Behind this large room was a smaller one, belonging to Dobbs Broughton, in the furnishing and arrangement of which some regard had been paid to comfort. The room was carpeted, and there was a sofa in it, though a very old one, and two arm-chairs and a mahogany office-table, and a cellaret, which was generally well supplied with wine which Dobbs Broughton did not get out of the vaults of his neighbors, Burton & Bangles. Behind this again, but with a separate entrance from the passage, was the closet; and this closet was specially devoted to the use of Mr. Musselboro. Closet as it was—or cupboard as it might have been called—it contained a table and two chairs; and it had a window of its own, which opened out upon a blank wall, which was distant from it not above four feet. As the house to which the wall belonged was four stories high, it would sometimes happen that Mr. Musselboro's cupboard was rather dark. But this mattered the less, as in these days Mr. Musselboro seldom used it. Mr. Musselboro, who was very constant at his place of business—much more constant than his friend, Dobbs Broughton—was generally to be found in his friend's room. Only on some special occasions, on which it was thought expedient that the commercial world should be made to understand that Mr. Augustus Musselboro had an individual existence of his own, did that gentleman really seat himself in the dark closet. Mr. Dobbs Broughton, had he been asked what was his trade, would have said that he was a stock-broker; and he would have answered truly, for he was a stock-broker. A man may be a stock-broker though he never sells any stock; as he may be a barrister though he has no practice at the bar. I do not say that Mr. Broughton never sold any stock; but the buying and selling of stock for other people was certainly

not his chief business. And had Mr. Musselboro been asked what was his trade, he would have probably given an evasive answer. At any rate, in the city, and among people who understood city matters, he would not have said that he was a stock-broker. Both Mr. Broughton and Mr. Musselboro bought and sold a good deal, but it was chiefly on account. The shares which were bought and sold very generally did not pass from hand to hand; but the difference in the price of the shares did do so. And then they had another little business between them. They lent money on interest. And in this business there was a third partner, whose name did not appear on the dirty door-post. That third partner was Mrs. Van Siever, the mother of Clara Van Siever, whom Mr. Conway Dalrymple intended to portray as Jael driving a nail into Sisera's head.

On a certain morning Mr. Broughton and Mr. Musselboro were sitting together in the office which has been described. They were in Mr. Broughton's room, and occupied each an arm-chair on the different sides of the fire. Mr. Musselboro was sitting close to the table, on which a ledger was open before him, and he had a pen and ink before him, as though he had been at work. Dobbs Broughton had a small betting-book in his hand, and was seated with his feet up against the side of the fire-place. Both men wore their hats, and the aspect of the room was not the aspect of a place of business. They had been silent a few minutes, when Broughton took his cigar-case out of his pocket, and nibbled off the end of a cigar, preparatory to lighting it.

"You had better not smoke here this morning, Dobbs," said Musselboro.

"Why shouldn't I smoke in my own room?"

"Because she'll be here just now."

"What do I care? If you think I'm going to be afraid of Mother Van you're mistaken. Let come what may, I'm not going to live under her thumb."

So he lighted his cigar.

"All right," said Musselboro, and he took up his pen and went to work at his book.

"What is she coming here for this morning?" asked Broughton.

"To look after her money. What should she come for?"

"She gets her interest. I don't suppose there's better paid money in the city."

"She hasn't got what was coming to her at Christmas yet."

"And this is February. What would she have? She had better put her dirty money into the three per cents., if she's frightened at having to wait a week or two."

"Can she have it to-day?"

"What, the whole of it? Of course she can't. You know that as well as I do. She can have four hundred pounds if she wants it. But seeing all she gets out of the concern, she has no right to press for it in that way. She is the—old usurer I ever came across in my life."

"Of course she likes her money."

"Likes her money! By George she does; her own and anybody else's that she can get hold of. For a downright leech recommend me always to a woman. When a woman does go in for it, she is much more thorough than any man."

Then Broughton turned over the little pages of his book, and Musselboro pondered over the big pages of his book, and there was silence for a quarter of an hour.

"There's something about nine hundred and fifteen pounds due to her," said Musselboro.

"I dare say there is."

"It would be a very good thing to let her have it, if you've got it. The whole of it this morning, I mean."

"If I see it," said Broughton.

"I know there's more than that at the bank."

"And I'm to draw out every shilling that there is! I'll see mother Van—further first. She can have five hundred pounds if she likes it—and the rest in a fortnight. Or she can have my note-of-hand for it all at fourteen days."

"She won't like that at all," said Musselboro.

"Then she must lump it. I'm not going to bother myself about her. I've pretty nearly as much money in it as she has, and we're in a boat together. If she comes here bothering, you'd better tell her so."

"You'll see her yourself?"

"Not unless she comes within the next ten minutes. I must go down to the court. I said I'd be there by twelve. I've got somebody I want to see."

"I would stay if I were you."

"Why should I stay for her? If she thinks that I'm going to make myself her clerk, she's mistaken. It may be all very well for you, Mussey, but it won't do for me. I'm not dependent on her, and I don't want to marry her daughter."

"It will simply end in her demanding to have her money back again."

"And how will she get it?" said Dobbs Broughton. "I haven't a doubt in life but she'd take it to-morrow if she could put her hands upon it. And then, after a bit, when she began to find that she didn't like four per cent., she'd bring it back again. But nobody can do business after such a fashion as that. For the last three years she's drawn close upon two thousand a year for less than eighteen thousand pounds. When a woman wants to do that, she can't have her money in her pocket every Monday morning."

"But you've done better than that yourself, Dobbs."

"Of course I have. And who has made the connection: and who has done the work? I suppose she doesn't think that I'm to have all the sweat and that she is to have all the profit."

"If you talk of work, Dobbs, it is I that have done the most of it."

This Mr. Musselboro said in a very serious voice, and with a look of much reproach.

"And you've been paid for what you've done. Come, Mussey, you'd better not turn against me; you'll never get your change out of that. Even if you marry the daughter that won't give you the mother's money. She'll stick to every shilling of it till she dies; and she'd take it with her then if she knew how."

Having said this, he got up from his chair, put his little book into his pocket, and walked out of the office. He pushed his way across the court, which was more than ordinarily crowded with the implements of Burton & Bangles' trade, and as he passed under the covered way he encountered at the entrance an old woman going out of a cab. The old woman was, of course, Mother Van, as her partner, Mr. Dobbs Broughton, irreverently called her.

"Mrs. Van Siever, how d'ye do? Let me give you a hand. Fare from South Kensington? I always give the fellows three shillings."

"You don't mean to tell me it's six miles?"

And she tendered a florin to the man.

"Can't take that ma'am," said the cabman.

"Can't take it! But you must take it. Broughton, just get a policeman, will you?"

Dobbs Broughton satisfied the driver out of his own pocket, and the cab was driven away.



"What did you give him?" said Mrs. Van Siever.

"Just another sixpence. There never is a policeman anywhere about here."

"It will be out of your own pocket, then," said Mrs. Van. "But you are not going away?"

"I must be at Chapel Court by half-past twelve—I must indeed. If it wasn't real business I'd stay."

"I told Musselboro I should be here."

"He's up there, and he knows all about the business just as well as I do. When I found that I couldn't stay for you I went through the account with him, and it's all settled. Good-morning. I'll see you at the West End in a day or two."

Then he made his way out into Lombard street, and Mrs. Van Siever picked her steps across the yard and mounted the stairs, and made her way into the room in which Mr. Musselboro was sitting.

"Somebody's been smoking, Gus," she said, almost as soon as she had entered the room.

"That's nothing new here," he replied, as he got up from his chair.

"There's no good being done when men sit and smoke over their work. Is it you, or he, or both of you?"

"Well—it was Broughton was smoking just now. I don't smoke of a morning myself."

"What made him get up and run away when I came?"

"How can I tell, Mrs. Van Siever?" said Musselboro, laughing. "If he did run away when you came, I suppose it was because he didn't want to see you."

"And why shouldn't he want to see me? Gus, I expect the truth from you. How are things going on here?"

To this question Mr. Musselboro made no immediate answer, but tilted himself back in his chair, and took his hat off, and put his thumbs into the armbolts of his waistcoat, and looked his patroness full in the face.

"Gus," said she again, "I do expect the truth from you. How are things going on here?"

"There'd be a good business—if he'd only keep things together."

"But he's idle. 'Isn't he idle?"

"Confoundedly idle," said Musselboro.

"And he drinks—don't he drink in the day?"

"Like the mischief, some days; but that isn't the worst of it."

"And what is the worst of it?"

"Newmarket—that's the rock he's going to pieces on."

"You don't mean to say he takes the money out of the business for that?" And Mrs. Van Siever's face, as she asked the question, expressed almost a tragic horror. "If I thought that I wouldn't give him an hour's mercy."

"When a man bets he doesn't well know what money he uses. I can't say that he takes money that isn't his own. Situated as I am, I don't know what is his own and what isn't. If your money was in my name, I could keep a hand on it—but as it is not, I can do nothing. I can see that what is put out is put out fairly well; and when I think of it, Mrs. Van Siever, it is quite wonderful that we've lost so little. It has been next to nothing. That has been my doing—and that's about all that I can do."

"You must know whether he has used my money for his own purposes or not."

"If you ask me, I think he has," said Mr. Musselboro.

"Then I'll go into it, and I'll find it out, and if it is so, as sure as my name is Van Siever, I'll sew him up."

Having uttered which terrible threat, the old woman drew a chair to the table and seated herself fairly down, as though she were determined to go through all the books of the office before she quitted that room. Mrs. Van Siever in her present habilitations was not a thing so terrible to look at as she had been in her wiggeries at Mrs. Dobbs Broughton's dinner-table. Her curls were laid aside altogether, and she wore simply a front beneath her close bonnet—and a very old dress, too, which was not loudly offensive because it told no lies. Her eyes were as bright, and her little wizen face was as sharp as ever; but the wizen face and the bright eyes were not so much amies as seen together with the old dark brown silk dress which she now wore, as they had been with the wiggeries and the evening finery. Even now, in her morning costume, in her work-a-day business dress, as we may call it, she looked to be very old—so old that nobody could guess her age. People attempting to guess would say that she must be at least over eighty. And yet she was wiry, and strong, and nimble. It was not because she was feeble that she was thought to be so old. They who so judged of her were led to their opinion by the extreme thinness of her face, and by the brightness of her eyes, joined to the depth of the hollows in which they lay, and the red margin by which they were surrounded. It was not really the fact that Mrs. Van Siever was so very aged, for she had still some years to live before she would reach eighty, but that she was such a weird old woman, so small, so ghastly, and so ugly!

"I'll sew him up, if he's been robbing me," she said. "I will, indeed."

And she stretched out her hand to grab at the ledger which Musselboro had been using.

"You won't understand anything from that," said he, pushing the book over to her.

"You can explain it to me."

"That's all straight sailing, that is."

"And where does he keep the figures that ain't straight sailing? That's the book I want to see."

"There is no such book."

"Look here, Gus, if I find you are deceiving me I'll throw you overboard as sure as I am a living woman. I will, indeed. I have no mercy. I've stuck to you, and made a man of you, and I expect you to stick to me."

"Not much of a man," said Musselboro, with a touch of scorn in his voice.

"You've never had a shilling yet but what I gave you."

"Yes, I have. I've had what I worked for, and worked, confounded hard, too."

"Look here, Musselboro; if you are going to throw me over, just tell me so, and let us begin fair."

"I'm not going to throw you over. I've always been on the square with you. Why don't you trust me out and out, and then I could do a deal better for you? You ask me now about your money. I don't know about your money, Mrs. Van Siever. How am I to know anything about your money, Mrs. Van Siever? You don't give me any power of keeping a hand upon Dobbs Broughton. I suppose you have security from Dobbs Broughton, but I don't know what security you have, Mrs. Van Siever. He owes you now £915 16s. 3d. on last year's account?"

"Why doesn't he give me a check for the money?"

"He says he can't spare it. You may have £500, and the rest when he can give it you. Or

he'll give you his note-of-hand at fourteen days for the whole."

"Bother his note-of-hand. Why should I take his note-of-hand?"

"Do as you like, Mrs. Van Siever."

"It's the interest on my own money. Why don't he give it me? I suppose he has had it."

"You must ask him that, Mrs. Van Siever. You're in partnership with him, and he can tell you. Nobody else knows anything about it. If you were in partnership with me, then of course I could tell you. But you're not. You've never trusted me, Mrs. Van Siever."

The lady remained there closeted with Mr. Musselboro for an hour after that, and did, I think, at length learn something more as to the details of her partner's business, than her faithful servant, Mr. Musselboro, had at first found himself able to give her. And at last they came to friendly and confidential terms, in the midst of which the personal welfare of Mr. Dobbs Broughton was, I fear, somewhat forgotten. Not that Mr. Musselboro palpably and plainly threw his friend overboard. He took his friend's part—alleging excuses for him and pleading some facts.

"Of course, you know, a man like that is fond of pleasure, Mrs. Van Siever. He has been at it more or less all his life. I don't suppose he ever missed a Derby or an Oaks, or the cup at Ascot, or the Goodwood in his life."

"He'll have to miss them before long, I'm thinking," said Mrs. Van Siever.

"And as to not cashing up, you must remember, Mrs. Van Siever, that ten per cent. won't come in quite as regularly as four or five. When you go for high interest there must be hitches here and there. There must, indeed, Mrs. Van Siever."

"I know all about it," said Mrs. Van Siever. "If he gave it me as soon as he got it himself, I shouldn't complain. Never mind. He's only got to give me my little bit of money out of the business, and then he and I will be all square. You come and see Clara, this evening, Gus."

Then Mr. Musselboro put Mrs. Van Siever into another cab, and went out upon "Change"—hanging about the bank and standing in Thread-needle street, talking to other men like himself. When he saw Dobbs Broughton he told that gentleman that Mrs. Van Siever had been in her tantrums, but that he had managed to pacify her before she left Hock Court.

"I'm to take her the check for the five hundred to-night," he said.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.—JAEI.

On the first of March, Conway Dalrymple's easel was put up in Mrs. Dobbs Broughton's boudoir, up-stairs, the canvas was placed upon it, on which the outlines of Jael and Sisera had been already drawn, and Mrs. Broughton and Clara Van Siever and Conway Dalrymple were assembled with the view of steady art work. But before we see how they began their work together, we will go back for a moment to John Eames on his return to his London lodgings. The first thing every man does when he returns home after an absence, is to look at his letters, and John Eames looked at his. There were not very many. There was a note marked "immediate," from Sir Raffle Buffie, in which Sir R. had scrawled in four lines a notification that he should be driven to an extremity of inconvenience if Eames were not at his post at half-past nine on the following morning.

"I think I see myself there at that hour," said John.

There was a notification of a house dinner, which he was asked to join, at his club, and a card for an evening gathering at Lady Glenora Palliser's—procured for him by his friend Conway—and an invitation to dinner at the house of his uncle, Mr. Toogood; and there was a scented note in the handwriting of a lady, which he did not recognize. "My nearest and dearest friend, M. D. M.," he said as he opened the note, and looked at the signature. Then he read the letter from Miss Demolines:

"MY DEAR MR. EAMES.—Pray come to me at once. I know that you are to be back to-morrow. Do not lose an hour if you can help it. I shall be at home at half-past five. I fear what you know of has been begun. But it certainly shall not go on. In one way or another it must be prevented. I won't say another word till I see you, but pray come at once. Yours always, "M. D. M."

"Thursday."

"Poor mamma isn't very well, so you had better ask for me."

"Beautiful," said Johnny, as he read the note—"There's nothing I like so much as a mystery—especially if it's about nothing. I wonder why she is so desperately anxious that the picture should not be painted. I'd ask Dalrymple, only I should spoil the mystery."

Then he sat himself down and began to think of Lily. There could be no treason to Lily in his amusing himself with the freaks of such a woman as Miss Demolines.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the first of March—the day following that on which Miss Demolines had written her note—the easel was put up, and the canvas was placed on it, in Mrs. Broughton's room. Mrs. Broughton and Clara were both there, and when they had seen the outlines as far as it had been drawn, they proceeded to make arrangements for their future operation. The period of work was to begin always at eleven, and was to be continued for an hour and a half or for two hours, on the days on which they met. I fear that there was a little improper scheming, in this, against the two persons whom the ladies were bound to obey. Mr. Dobbs Broughton invariably left his house soon after ten in the morning. It would sometimes happen, though not frequently, that he returned home early in the day—at four, perhaps, or even before that; and should he chance to do so while the picture was going on, he would catch them at their work if the work were postponed till after luncheon. And then again Mrs. Van Siever would often go out in the morning, and when she did so, would always go without her daughter. On such occasions she went into the city, or to other resorts of business, at which, in some manner quite unintelligible to her daughter, she looked after her money. But when she did not go out in the morning, she did go out in the afternoon, and she would then require her daughter's company. There was some place to which she always went of a Friday morning, and at which she staid for two or three hours. Friday therefore was a fitting day on which to begin the work at Mrs. Broughton's house. All this was explained between the three conspirators. Mrs. Dobbs Broughton declared that if she entertained the slightest idea that her husband would object to the painting of the picture in her room, nothing on earth would induce her to lend her countenance to it; but yet it might be well not to tell him just at first, perhaps, not till the sittings were over—perhaps

not till the picture was finished; as, otherwise, tidings of the picture might get round to ears which were not intended to hear it.

"Poor dear Dobbs is so careless with a secret," said Mrs. Van Siever explained her motives in a different way.

"I know, mamma would not let me do it if she knew it, and, therefore, I shall not tell her."

"My dear Clara," said Mrs. Broughton with a smile, "you are so outspoken!"

"And why not?" said Miss Van Siever. "I am old enough to judge for myself. If mamma does not want to be deceived, she ought not to treat me like a child. Of course she'll find it out sooner or later; but I don't care about that."

Conway Dalrymple said nothing as the two ladies were excusing themselves.

"How delightful it must be to not have a master," said Mrs. Broughton, addressing him.

"But then a man has to work for his own bread," said he. "I suppose it comes about equal in the long run."

Very little drawing or painting was done on that day. In the first place it was necessary that the question of costume should be settled, and both Mrs. Broughton and the artist had much to say on the subject. It was considered proper that Jael should be dressed as a Jewess, and there came to be much question how Jewesses dressed themselves in those very early days. Mrs. Broughton had prepared her jewels and raiment of many colors, but the painter declared that the wife of Heber the Kenite would have no jewels. But when Mrs. Broughton discovered from her Bible that Heber had been connected by family ties with Moses, she was more than ever sure that Heber's wife would have in her tent much of the spoils of the Egyptians. And when Clara Van Siever suggested that at any rate she would not have worn them in a time of confusion when soldiers were loose, flying about the country, Mrs. Broughton was quite confident that she would have put them on before she invited the captain of the enemy's host into her tent. The artist at last took the matter into his own hand, by declaring that Miss Van Siever would sit the subject much better without jewels, and therefore all Mrs. Broughton's gawgaws were put back into their boxes. And then on four different times the two ladies had to retire into Mrs. Broughton's room in order that Jael might be arranged in various costumes—and in each costume she had to kneel down, taking the hammer in her hand, and holding the pointed stick which had been prepared to do duty as the nail upon the forehead of a dummy Sisera. At last it was decided that her raiment should be altogether white, and that she should wear, twisted round her head and falling over her shoulder, a Roman silk scarf of various colors.

"Where Jael could have gotten it I don't know," said Clara.

"You may be sure that there were lots of such things among the Egyptians," said Mrs. Broughton, "and that Moses brought away all the best for his own family."

"And who is to be Sisera?" asked Mrs. Broughton, in one of the pauses in their work.

"I'm thinking of asking my friend, John Eames, to sit."

"Of course we cannot sit together," said Miss Van Siever.

"There's no reason why you should," said Dalrymple. "I can do the second figure in my own room."

Then there was a bargain made that Sisera should not be a portrait.

"It would never do," said Mrs. Broughton, shaking her head very gravely.

Though there was really very little done to the picture on that day, the work was commenced; and Mrs. Broughton, who had at first objected strongly to the idea, and who had said twenty times that it was quite out of the question that it should be done in her house, became very eager in her delight about it. Nobody should know anything of the picture till it should be exhibited. That would be best. And it should be the picture of the year. She was a little heart-broken when Dalrymple assured her that it could not possibly be finished for exhibition in that May; but she came to again when he declared that he meant to put out all his strength upon it.

"There will be five or six months' work in it," he said.

"Will there, indeed? And how much work was there in 'The Graces'?"

"The Graces," as will perhaps be remembered, was the triple portrait of Mrs. Dobbs Broughton herself. This question the artist did not answer with absolute accuracy, but contented himself with declaring that with such a model as Mrs. Broughton, the picture had been comparatively easy.

Mrs. Broughton, having no doubt that ultimate object of which she had spoken to her friend Conway steadily in view, took occasion before the sitting was over to leave the room, so that the artist might have an opportunity of speaking a word in private to his model—if he had any such word to speak. And Mrs. Broughton, as she did this, felt that she was doing her duty as a wife, a friend and a Christian. She was doing her duty as a wife, because she was giving the clearest proof in the world—the clearest, at any rate, to herself—that the intimacy between herself and her friend Conway had in it nothing that was improper. And she was doing her duty as a friend, because Clara Van Siever, with her large expectations, would be an eligible wife. And she was doing her duty as a Christian, because the whole thing was intended to be moral. Miss Demolines had declared that her friend Maria Clutterbuck—as Miss Demolines delighted to call Mrs. Broughton, in memory of dear old innocent days—had high principles; and the reader will see that she was justified in her declaration. "It will be better so," said Mrs. Broughton, as she sat upon her bed and wiped a tear from the corner of her eye. "Yes, it will be better so. There is a pang. Of course there's a pang. But it will be better so." Acting upon this high principle, she allowed Conway Dalrymple five minutes to say what he had to say to Clara Van Siever. Then she allowed herself to indulge in some very savage feelings in reference to her husband—accusing her husband in her thoughts of great cruelty—nay, of brutality, because of certain sharp words that he had said as to Conway Dalrymple. "But of course he can't understand," said Mrs. Broughton to herself. "How is it to be expected that he should understand?"

But she allowed her friend on this occasion only five minutes, thinking probably that so much time might suffice. A woman, when she is jealous, is apt to attribute to the other woman with whom her jealousy is concerned, both weakness and timidity, and to the man both audacity and strength. A woman who has herself taken perhaps twelve months in the winning, will think that another woman is to be won in five minutes. It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Dobbs Broughton had ever been won by any one except by Mr. Dobbs Broughton. At least, let it not be supposed that she had ever acknowledged a spark of love for Conway Dalrymple. But nevertheless

there was enough of jealousy in her present mood to make her think poorly of Miss Van Siever's capacity for standing a siege against the artist's eloquence. Otherwise, having left the two together with the object which she had acknowledged to herself, she would hardly have returned to them after so very short an interval.

"I hope you won't dislike the trouble of all this?" said Dalrymple to his model, as soon as Mrs. Broughton was gone.

"I cannot say that I like it very much," said Miss Van Siever.

"I'm afraid it will be a bore; but I hope you'll go through with it."

"I shall if I am not prevented," said Miss Van Siever. "When I've said that I'll do a thing, I like to do it."

There was a pause in the conversation which took up a considerable portion of the five minutes. Miss Van Siever was not holding her nail during these moments, but was sitting in a commonplace way on her chair, while Dalrymple was scraping his palette.

"I wonder what it was that first induced you to sit?" said he.

"Oh, I don't know. I took a fancy for it."

"I'm very glad you did take the fancy. You'll make an excellent model. If you won't mind posing again for a few minutes—I will not weary you to-day. Your right arm a little more forward."

"But I should tumble down."

"Not if you lean well on to the nail."

"But that would have woken Sisera before she had struck a blow."

"Never mind that. Let us try it."

Then Mrs. Broughton returned with that pleasant feeling in her bosom of having done her duty as a wife, a friend and a Christian.

"Mrs. Broughton," continued the painter, "just steady Miss Van Siever's shoulder with your hand; and now bring the arm and the elbow a little more forward."

"But Jael did not have a friend to help her in that way," said Miss Van Siever.

At the end of an hour and a half the two ladies retired, and Jael disrobed herself, and Miss Van Siever put on her customary raiment. It was agreed among them that they had commenced their work auspiciously, and that they would meet again on the following Monday. The artist begged to be allowed an hour to go on with his work in Mrs. Broughton's room, and the hour was conceded to him. It was understood that he could not take the canvas backward and forward with him to his own house, and he pointed out that no progress whatever could be made unless he were occasionally allowed some such grace as this. Mrs. Broughton doubted and hesitated, made difficulties, and lifted up her hands in despair.

"It is easy for you to say, Why not? but I know very well why not."

But at last she gave way.

"*Hont soit qui mal y pense*," she said, "that must be my protection."

So she followed Miss Van Siever down-stairs, leaving Mr. Dalrymple in possession of her boudoir.

"I shall give you just one hour," she said, "and then I shall come and turn you out."

So she went down, and as Miss Van Siever would not stay to lunch with her, she ate her lunch by herself, sending a glass of sherry and a biscuit up to the poor painter at his work.

Exactly at the end of the hour she returned to him.

"Now, Conway, you must go," she said.

"But, why in such a hurry?"

"Because I say that it must be so. When I say so, pray let that be sufficient."

But still Dalrymple went on working.

"Conway," she said, "how can you treat me with so much disdain?"

"Disdain! Mrs. Broughton."

"Yes, disdain. Have I not begged you to understand that I cannot allow you to remain here, and yet you pay no attention to my wishes?"

"I have done now," and he began to put his brushes and paints together. "I suppose all these things may remain here?"

"Yes; they may remain. They must do so of course. There—if you will put the easel in the corner, with the canvas behind it, they will not be seen if he should chance to come into the room."

"He would not be angry, I suppose, if he saw them?"

"There is no knowing. Men are so unreasonable. All men are, I think. All those are whom I have had the fortune to know. Women generally say that men are selfish. I do not complain so much that they are selfish, as that they are thoughtless. They are headstrong and do not look forward to results. Now you—I do not think you would willingly do me an injury."

"I do not think I would."

"I am sure you would not; but yet you would forget to save me from one."

"What injury?"

"Oh, never mind. I am not thinking of anything in particular. From myself, for instance. But we will not talk about that. That way madness lies. Tell me, Conway, what do you think of Clara Van Siever?"

"She is very handsome, certainly."

"And clever?"

"Decidedly clever. I should think she has a temper of her own."

"What woman is there worth a straw that has not? If Clara Van Siever were ill-used she would resent it. I do not doubt that for a moment. I should not like to be the man who would do it."

"Nor I either," said Conway.

TRAVELERS' ACCURACY.—A French philosophical traveler (I believe it was Diderot), on a journey to London from Dover, while horses were changing, had the curiosity to see a sick hostler with a raging fever attended by a country practitioner, who, despairing most probably of his patient, said that he might be allowed to eat anything he wished for. If a man asked for a red herring, which was so difficult given to him. Our tourist, generalizing like most of his brethren, immediately noted in his diary—English physicians allow red herrings to fever patients. Some months after, he changed horses at the same inn, and asked how long the unfortunate creature had survived his herring, when, to his utter surprise, he was informed that the hale, hearty fellow who was bringing out the relays was the very man. He of course pulled out his journal and entered—Red herrings cure the fever of Englishmen. Our traveler crossed over, and having accidentally seen in a French inn a poor devil whose case appeared to him similar to the sturdy hostler, he ventured to prescribe a similar remedy, which the patient only survived an hour or two; when his death was announced, he philosophically shrugged up his shoulders, and wrote in his book—Though red herrings cure fevers in England, they most decidedly kill in France.

"LARRY," said a coquettish young lady to her cousin prematurely bald, "why is your head like heaven?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," replied the swell, "unless, indeed, because it has a shining crown."

"Good, but not correct. Because there is no more dying or parting there."



## THE VETERAN IN A NEW FIELD.

We give on this page an illustration of Mr. Homer's excellent and suggestive picture, "The Veteran in a New Field." One of the most conclusive evidences of the strength of a republican form of government is the way in which our army has disbanded, each man seeking again the sphere of usefulness which he left only temporarily, to aid the Government in its need. The taunts of our enemies in Europe, and the predictions they kept constantly uttering, that even if we escaped the danger of drifting into a military despotism, we would find, when the army was disbanded, that the country would be filled with men who had been demoralized by years spent in its service, shook the faith of even many thoughtful persons who believed in the republican system. Now, however, that the war is over, and all such fears are shown to be groundless, we can well congratulate ourselves upon the manner in which the veterans have returned to their old fields, or sought for new ones, since in this we find one of the surest proofs of the stability of our political system. Mr. Homer is to be warmly commended for the simple and truthful way in which he has told all this. His picture, too, is one which illustrates the new school that is growing up in this country—a school which seeks its subjects from the life, the thoughts and the feelings which are our own, which finds in them fitting subjects for illustration, and which alone can be called truly a school of American art.

## Masonic Celebration in Boston, Mass.

We this week give several illustrations of the Masonic celebration in Boston, Mass., on the 24th of June, on occasion of dedicating the new Masonic Temple. We are indebted to Messrs. Pollard & Leighton, of No. 6 Court street, Boston, for a copy of a fine lithograph, from which our view of the new Masonic Temple is engraved.

The principal elevation of this building faces the Common, but that on Boylston street is somewhat wider, the building covering the lot which is bounded by Tremont and Boylston streets and Head place, which contains between 10,000 and 11,000 square feet. The general style of the building is Gothic, freely treated, for as the first (ground) story is required for mercantile purposes, it was essential that it should conform to the present style of such edifices. In the first story, features of the Romanesque style are used as a fitting foundation upon which to build the lighter and more elegant forms of pointed architecture. The living and the creative spirit, however, of the past style govern the design, with which are coupled some novelty in the forms, suited to the changed conditions of our times.

Our engraving represents the facade on the Common. The interior of the building is splendidly finished, and arranged to suit the purposes for which it was built. To describe all the arrangements of the interior would require more space than we can afford, and we shall therefore limit ourselves to a mention of the Egyptian hall, which is regarded by many as the most attractive.

Upon entering, one is reminded of the descriptions which are preserved of those Egyptian temples, miles in circuit, with pillars eighty feet high and lintels forty feet long, which were evidence of the architectural skill of an almost extinct race. The famous temples of Isis and Osiris are celebrated, and the Temple of Apollinopolis is alluded to for its many peculiar features. The Egyptian architecture, with its cylindrical shafts, enriched with rings of richest sculpture, crowned with bell-shaped capitals, wrought in the foliage of the palm or papyrus, embracing the caryatic order, was well adapted to give form to the metempsychotic creed of the people, and many of these marked features have been produced in this hall; while the painting by the artist, Mr. Haberstroh, who, having adorned an Egyptian hall in Munich, came to this task with no inconsiderable experience, presents the novel combination of colors which forms the peculiarity of this style of decoration.

The walls are finished with massive columns, having capitals enriched with leaves of the palm, the Nile lily and human faces. The ceiling is divided into compartments by heavy beams above each column, which are decorated with various patterns, laid in with blue, red, orange and green, in unbroken tints. The ceiling is tinted sky-blue and studded with golden stars, and from the centre hangs a forty-eight light chandelier. The two main pillars at the east end of the hall, between which is the throne of the High Priest, form the most striking feature of this apartment. These pillars are ornamented with hieroglyphics, taken from the western face of the Obelisk Luxor, now standing in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, and refers to Rameses III. (Sesostris) B. C. 1550.

One of the chief incidents in the celebration of inauguration was afforded by the presence on the occasion of President Johnson, who took part in the procession, and also in the ceremonies of dedication. One of our illustrations represents the

## Floral Tribute

given to the President as the procession passed in Franklin street. It was greeted by six little girls, who occupied a pavilion just below Hawley street. The children were dressed in white, and wore wreaths of flowers, and the pavilion was overflowing with bouquets and cut flowers, which were bestowed by the young misses upon President Johnson, Grand Marshal Stratton and various other dignitaries. As the various encampments and lodges marched by, their members gave salutes in token of their appreciation of the very pretty compliments paid them, and not a few of the organizations demonstrated their enthusiasm in hearty cheers. The affair was under the direction of Mr. William Doogue, florist, and the young ladies who participated were Mary E. Doogue, Eliza Doogue, Esther Doogue, Jennie Tufte, Maria Tufte, and Nellie L. Jacobs. Upon Esther Doogue, a little miss of four years, devolved the honor of presenting a bouquet to the President, and very gracefully did she perform it. As the President's carriage was driven past, the child was lifted from the platform of

the pavilion to the vehicle, and the President, upon receiving the floral tribute, affectionately took her in his arms and kissed her. The act was witnessed by an immense crowd of people, who applauded it long and loudly. Long before reaching Franklin street the President had been made the recipient of hundreds of bouquets, and the seat and floor of the carriage were completely covered with flowers.

All along the route, the decorations of the houses, the arches, and the flags, together with the crowds gathered in the streets and at the windows, showed the interest taken by the public on the occasion. We present illustrations of two of the arches prepared for the occasion. The first is an arch on Summer street, surmounted by the figure of Hope, and flanked by clusters of flags. On the east side of the arch was the motto:

"March of Improvement,"

with the National and State coats-of-arms on the pillars of the arch, and pendant from the centre of the arch a tablet, with the compass and square enclosing the letter "G." The other is of an arch erected in Devonshire street, at the corner of Franklin, which was plainly constructed, bearing on each side the words "Washington" and "Warren," surmounted by flags, and ornamented with figures representing Wisdom, Strength and Beauty—the pillars of Free Masonry—and various Masonic insignia.

## The Rights of Dramatic Literature.

We hope we are uttering no "scandal against Queen Elizabeth" when we say that the stage in her Majesty's time was a naked platform, with a rude sign-board set up in a conspicuous situation to indicate the scene. The furniture and accommodation were of a like description, utility being as yet considerably ahead of embellishment, gorgeous as the age was, and notwithstanding the number of her Majesty's petticoats, and the magnificence of the fashions at court and in the twopenny ordinaries. The orchestra, consisting of a goodly company of hautboys and cornets, recorders, viols, and trumpets, was perched up in a high balcony, and the house was lighted by cressets formed of ropes, wreathed and pitched. The stage was separated from the audience by a curtain, which opened in the middle for the performance to begin, the signal

spirit they carried on their part of the entertainment. Standing all the time in the "yard," or pit, which had neither flooring nor seats, and which was separated from the stage only by a paling, they may be said in some sort to have divided the pastime with the actors. They were extremely boisterous and turbulent—perhaps we ought to say uproarious. They cracked nuts, played cards, and kept up an incessant clatter while the dialogue was going forward on the stage; and one of their favorite amusements was to fling pieces of tile, or pears, against the curtain, to make the actors come out.

It must be confessed that this was an unpromising condition of things for the cultivation of a high national drama. From such a soil as it is here shown to have been, you would hardly have looked for the production of a play so rich, so lovely, so exquisitely delicate, and yet withal so vigorous, as the old English drama. Yet it was here amongst these clamorous multitudes, upward of 300 years ago, that drama took root, and sprang up at once into the glory and perfection of its strength and beauty. It was here, in these open, uncovered yards, in the scanty boxes which ran round the auditorium, that the audiences were regaled, even before Shakespeare's time, by such high themes, treated with becoming magnificence of diction, as were embodied in the plays of "Faustus," "Jeronymo," "The Spanish Tragedy," and "Tamburlaine." It is a strange thing enough to look back upon, that these massive dramas were popular pieces which drew daily crowds to the play-houses in the infancy of the stage, and which for the first time instructed the public ear in the melody of blank verse. Of particular interest, in reference to the early drama, is it to note that the "mighty line" was in advance of Shakespeare himself, and that when Shakespeare came to London he found Marlowe in possession of the town, and Edward Alleyn achieving a wonderful triumph on the stage in the character of Tamburlaine, as Tamburlaine himself achieved in the field. The scene in which Tamburlaine is drawn upon the stage in his chariot by a pair of conquered kings, with bits in their mouths, while two more are waiting as relays, was the great "sensational" scene of the sixteenth century, and the entry of Alleyn in the chariot, gorgeously-attired in a copper-laced coat and crimson velvet breeches, is one of the traditions of the tiring-room that have come

frequented the Elizabethan play-house, women were usually found scattered thinly amongst the audiences. There is less difficulty in determining the success of the drama in those days than in fixing the status of its popularity. All the shareholders in the theatre made rapid fortunes. Most of the actors were men of substance, and left their marks, in one shape or another, in the city or its suburbs. The stage was one of the most lucrative professions going, but its profits were massed in the hands of the players. The dramatist, unless, like Shakespeare, he happened also to be an actor and sharer, was regarded merely as the producer of the raw material, upon which the actor bestowed form and vendible value. It was the age of the drama, but not of the dramatist. The stage took the first fruits of the poets' brains; and it is to be hoped that we are now entering upon an era when a compensating balance will be struck on the other side. In the golden sixteenth century the ordinary payment for a five-act play was £6, 13s. 4d. Shakespeare is said to have received £5 for "Hamlet."

The author who creates the play should be paid, like the actor who fills up that creation, in the ratio of his success. Why should Marlowe be thrust out to starve, and Alleyn enabled to build Dulwich College? Surely Marlowe, the poet, had as good a claim to station upon "Tamburlaine," as Alleyn the player? Justice obviously demands that the creative power which supplies the play should be rewarded at least as handsomely as the executive power which acts the play. It is quite true that the dramatist would be nothing without the players, but where would the players be without the drama? The obligation, no doubt, is mutual, and is sometimes heavier on one side than on the other; but so, too, ought to be the division of profits. The principle on which the whole of this reasoning is founded might be put into the famous nutshell which is the common receptacle of all self-evident propositions. Payments should be regulated by receipts; for as it is more tersely expressed by Butler, and with remarkable appositeness to the business of a theatre:

"For what is worth in anything  
But so much money as 'twill bring?"

We shall have something more to say on this matter presently.

The fact irresistibly pressed upon us by this glance

at the stage of the sixteenth century, is the humiliating contrast it presents to the stage of to-day. Since the times of Marlowe and Shakespeare we have had three hundred years' experience before and behind the curtain; society has made a prodigious advance; education has been diffused; science has conquered the profoundest secrets of nature, and art has turned them to practical uses; the population has covered the face of the land, and called cities into existence where there had previously been but a few straggling hovels. It might be supposed that such circumstances would be favorable to the cultivation of the drama, but it is notorious that the drama has miserably degenerated.

The subject is ordinarily dealt with as if there were no other interest at stake but that of the managers, and as if all the rights, honors and profits of the stage belonged to them exclusively. Surely—setting the public aside, whose interest in the matter we have already discussed—there is another interest entitled to a share in the rights, honors and profits of the stage; and it is full time that it should be defined and acknowledged. The interest to which we allude represents the literature of the stage, in the person of the dramatic author. The manager subsists upon plays. Is it reasonable that he should be invested with the power of prescribing the bounds within which the author shall draw his emoluments?

Originally, authors were paid a small sum, generally doled out to them in miserable advances, for new plays, or for altering old ones. We have seen what Shakespeare received for "Hamlet." Ben Jonson was paid two pounds for altering Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy." The average honorarium may be inferred from these items. Sometimes the author was paid by the net profits of the second night's performances. Marlowe is believed to have been paid for one of his plays in that way. Early in the seventeenth century, the second night was changed to the third, which came to be regularly considered as the "author's night," a custom that prevailed in many theatres down to a comparatively recent period. When that primitive mode of adjusting the author's claim was abandoned, the arrangement between authors and managers took a more rational shape, and, instead of being left to be determined by chance, were settled by mutual agreement. It is clear, however, that although the manager and the author agree upon a settlement, the settlement is not an equitable one, so far as the author is concerned. The principle upon which such an agreement should be based, in order that the author should extract the practical advantages from it to which he is obviously entitled, may be regarded as a modern discovery.

The abuse is manifest. If the actor gets large salaries for playing a particular part, why should not the creator of the part get a large salary also? It is all very well to say that Mr. So and So "draws;" but would Mr. So and So put any play into the bill, if the said play did not draw also? And if the play draws as well as the actor, why should not the play have a part of the proceeds as well as the actor? But the stage is the paymaster, and the stage has, hitherto, managed this matter in its own way. A time, however, is coming when the rights of dramatic literature will be better understood, and the claim of the author to a just and permanent share in his own success will be admitted. The author is entitled to reap where he has sown. If a new play brings money to the play-house, the author has the first and highest claim upon the receipts. Managers do not like to quarter large percentages upon their profits; but we never heard of managerial objections to the starring system, which has disorganized the profession, by importing into it a spirit of adventure and speculation.

Mr. Spurgeon's visit to America is after all but a sinner-stir move.



THE VETERAN IN A NEW FIELD.—FROM A PAINTING BY HOMER.

being the blast of a trumpet. The want of painted scenes was in some degree compensated for by a sort of dais at the back of the stage, which served as occasion required, for battlements, terraces, and the like, with traverses, or curtains, which were also variously used for scenic purposes. Although there was no painted or movable scenery, mechanical contrivances were employed for the production of what we should now consider rather clumsy effects. Rocks, tombs, and beds, hell-mouths, brown-paper dragons, and even trees, were pushed in upon the stage when they were required for actual "business." It is certain also that some of the play-houses were supplied with trap-doors, through which rose and sank gods, men, and properties—the Ghost in "Hamlet," and the children in "Macbeth;" and that pulleys, or similar means, were resorted to for raising and lowering the supernatural characters, illustrated, in one instance, by a remarkable stage direction which shows the pulleys in full operation—"Descend Providence" and afterward "Ascend Providence."

But these ingenious appliances were not to be had in every play-house; for while it was comparatively easy to let celestial personages down from the roof, it was not always so easy to raise them up again. One of the old dramatists foreseeing the difficulty, provided against it. Venus had been "let down" in the beginning of the scene, and ought to return in the same manner, but the stage direction, having an eye to contingencies, says, "Exit Venus—or, if you can conveniently, let a chair come down from the top of the stage, and draw her up."

This rough-and-ready style of representation had a public to match. It would not have answered to present plays in this bald and nude condition before an audience educated in decoration. The play-going people of the hasty Elizabethan age had no nice sense of upholstery, nor, apparently, any critical discrimination in anything connected with the play, except the play itself. The play stood alone. There were no embellishments, or adjuncts, or fine accessories through whose instrumentality subordinate elements should be made to usurp the principal interest, and attention be distracted by non-essentials from the vital business of the scene. The Elizabethan play-goers went straight to the action and passion of the play, and, as the performance advanced, made known their "sentiments" in a way that showed how heartily, and, at the same time, in how dominant a

down to our day. But the "sensational" did not consist merely in the startling interest of the captive kings drawing the victor's chariot, and being scourged round the stage, but in the tremendous speech of Tamburlaine, delivered in a voice of thunder, during the operation. The audience were held in a kind of strange horror by hearing the imperious charioteer denounce his unlucky human steeds for not traveling faster than twenty miles a day, and threatening to bring up their strength with raw flesh and muscadell out of pails. This was the true "Cambysees vein," at the top of its daring and its energy; but the audacity of the conception, and the barbaric grandeur of its treatment, evinced the genius that was playing such fantastic tricks with its great powers. In the midst of the magnificent rant are passages which none of our poets have transcended; and worthy of the greatest amongst them is the description of the steeds of Apollo—

"The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,  
And blow the morning from their nostrils."

The group of plays which immediately preceded Shakespeare, consisted, for the most part, of wild, fierce tragedies, interlarded with gross humors. They were distinguished by vastness of design, and Titanic vigor of execution; and gleams of the noblest verse broke out through their turbulent passions and tumultuous action. When the humanizing spirit of Shakespeare passed over the chaos, and reduced it to order, the stormy public followed the play with increasing interest; and the higher the drama ascended intellectually, the greater the amount of support it received from the crowds that congregated at the play-houses.

No reliable information has come down to us concerning the classes from which the audiences were drawn, or their numbers; but the former may be inferred from the prices of admission, and the latter from the general results of theatrical enterprise. The prices of admission varied in different theatres. In the inferior houses the pit and gallery were not more than one penny, or two-pence; in the Globe and Blackfriars the charge was sixpence. In the course of time these prices were increased; and on some occasions, such as the production of a new play, the admission was doubled, doubtless with a view to draw together a select critical assembly. It may be fairly concluded from these items that the bulk of the people who went to the play belonged to the middle and lower ranks. Fops and fine gentlemen hired stools on the stage; and although it is erroneously asserted by some writers that ladies never



## A VISIT TO DRUID HILL PARK, BALTIMORE, MD.

DRUID HILL PARK  
BALTIMORE.

Druid Hill Park is to the city of Baltimore what the Central Park is to New York. It lies in the vicinity of the Monument City, and is the resort of all those who desire to breathe the fresh air, or admire the beauties of nature, heightened by art. The park is approached by a railroad, the cars upon which are drawn by a dummy engine. We give an illustration of the station on the road, and also of the Park Mansion, which was the old dwelling upon the estate, with a third of the lake, which is a charming sheet of water, as will be seen from our picture. The cities of this country are becoming alive to the necessity and advantage of having public places of resort, in such situations as are easily accessible to the inhabitants. The benefit which such a public park as this does, both in improving the health and the cultivation of the people, cannot be estimated. It is only by having the opportunity to enjoy simple and rational pleasures that the taste for them can be formed, and the people become sufficiently cultivated to make use of the privilege without abusing it. The expense of such a park would be quickly saved, in the diminished cost of the expensive legal establishment which plenty of such opportunities of innocent recreation would tend constantly to diminish. People must have recreation, and if innocent ones are not provided, then they will seek their pleasure in such as are not innocent. The spread of this conviction is a sure measure of increasing civilization, and has heretofore been too much disregarded in this country.

## HOME EDUCATION.

It is in the first dozen years of life that the mind receives much of its future bias. Children, though unobserved, are our audiences very early in their lives. Parents fail to notice, as time creeps silently on, how wide little ears are opening, and little understandings enlarging, so that conversations, unintelligible in baby years, are listened to with attention and pondered over by small men and women, who we fancy to be too much engaged in the troubles, worries and anxieties of doll life to mind what we are saying. It is only when some stray remark respecting a grown-up person's sayings or doings falls from a child's lips, that our attention is called to the fact. But as our children advance in intelligence, we shall find that even if we have established over ourselves the necessary amount of self-control when in their presence, our task is only half done. The weeds are not permitted to grow in the garden, but the soil refuses to remain unproductive, and something must be planted in the vacant spot; and it is in seeking to execute this portion of the work that parents, however zealous and anxious they may be, will find the greatest difficulty. A man may be full of information, yet be disinclined or quite incompetent to impart it to young minds.

For the sake of illustration, let us picture to ourselves the breakfast-table of such a one, surrounded by the rising generation. Paternalism is enjoying himself thoroughly. Absorbed in the newspaper, he likes the murmur of the young voices, so long as it does not interfere with his reading. There is some well-written interesting leader, or some soul-stirring chronicle to be mastered in a very short space of time. Oblivious of almost everything beyond the margin of his paper, not a thought of the intense selfishness of the proceeding crosses his mind. The newspaper with the second cup of tea is so well-established a tradition and usage, that it would be rank heresy to deny its value. Nevertheless we go further, we declare it, as at present made use of, to be positively injurious to society; for this meal is one of the few occasions on which the members of a family meet under supervision, and it ought therefore to be made the most of. But Paternalism takes so much interest in the world's affairs that he really must learn as much about them as he



RAILWAY STATION, DRUID HILL PARK.



PARK MANSION, DRUID HILL PARK.



THE LAKE AT DRUID HILL PARK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BACHRACH, BALTIMORE.

possibly can, and that he should deny himself this legitimate pleasure, and spend his time in juvenalizing the subjects about which he is reading, would be a very great hardship; therefore general conversation about any topic of the day must not be thought of. But if he will be silent, his children are talking, and if he abdicates his functions and refuses to lead his followers, they will disperse their own ways. The bolder spirits, who should be the most carefully watched, will trespass on forbidden or dangerous ground; the timid must be content with the already closely-cropped herbage of home pastures. We have selected the morning meal as an illustration of our argument because, as we have already indicated, it is essentially the family gathering.

## The Use of Gold in Trade.

THE transactions which a bank performs by means of gold and notes are not worth speaking of. The gold and notes which it finds in the till at night are only the balance of the transactions of the day; they give no measure of what the bank has paid out or received in whether it was much or little. They are the difference, the balance only. It is just the same with foreign trade. An enormous fuss is made about the exchanges, as if foreign commerce was carried on by the outflow or influx of gold. We meet with the same fact over again as with a bank. The gold which passes between two countries (unless one be a producer of gold, and has gold for the staple of its trade) is but the balance of the transactions accomplished. Foreign trade is carried on by paper, by bills. England sends iron to Calcutta, and the value of the iron is set down in instruments of debt called bills. India replies with an export of indigo, which also gets itself expressed in like certificates or bills; and then the balance is struck. If the bills give the same figures on both sides, the affair is closed; if there is preponderance on one side, a commodity must pass to effect equilibrium, and that commodity is gold. What can it signify on which side the gold must be given or received? The only matter of moment is, whether India has bought too much iron, or England received too little indigo. The gold—the interposed commodity, the commodity which is not sought for its own sake, but solely because something possessed of value must pass to make the payments and receipts equal on both sides—is quite insignificant. No private person collects sovereigns for their own sake, as a picture, or a horse, or a book; he gathers them only to part with them in making purchases, or paying debts, or buying investments. They are means, not an end—tools, strictly and accurately. In the same way foreign trade has not gold for its object (for then Australia and California would have no foreign trade, and must starve, or go naked), but solely the exchange of the productions of different countries and climates. A merchant who sends out a cargo of iron to Calcutta would not bring back sovereigns if he could help it. He orders a return cargo of sugar, or indigo, or cotton; and if this is so, how is it that the City articles exult over the arrival of gold, and thereby condemn the merchant for importing the inferior wealth into this country? The man who buys, whether here or abroad, prefers the thing he purchases to his money; what else did he get his money for but to buy with it?

THE testimony of the best, unprejudiced letter-writers now traveling in the South, is almost unanimous upon the fact that the planters and free labor much more economic than the old system of slavery. Many of them confess it freely, owning, however, that such an opinion had to be whipped into them. When co-operation becomes in any way general, its advantages will be found to bear the same relation to our present system of competition that freedom does to slavery. The only difference will be one of degree, since the gain will be much greater both in pecuniary as well as moral and social aspects.





### MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH LECTURE.—MRS. CAUDLE RETURNS TO HER NATIVE LAND — "UNMANLY CRUELTY" OF CAUDLE, WHO HAS REFUSED "TO SMUGGLE A FEW THINGS" FOR HER.

"THERE, it isn't often that I ask you to do anything for me, Mr. Caudle, goodness knows! and when I do, I'm always refused—of course. Oh, yes! anybody but your own lawful wife. Every other husband aboard the boat could behave like a husband—but I was left to shift for myself. To be sure, that's nothing new; I always am. Every other man, worthy to be called a man, could smuggle a few things for his wife—but I might as well be alone in the world. Not one poor half dozen of silk stockings could you put in your hat for me; and everybody else was rolled in lace, and I don't know what. Eh? What, Mr. Caudle? What do I want with silk stockings? Well, it's come to something now! There was a time, I believe, when I had a foot—yes, and an ankle, too; but when once a woman's married, she has nothing of the sort; of course. No: I'm not a cherub, Mr. Caudle; don't say that. I know very well what I am.

"I dare say now, you'd have been delighted to smuggle for Miss Prettyman? Silk stockings become her! You wish Miss Prettyman was in the moon? Not you, Mr. Caudle; that's only your art—your hypocrisy. A nice person too she'd be for the moon: it would be none the brighter for her being in it, I know. And when you saw the Custom-House officers look at me, as though they were piercing me through, what was your conduct? Shameful. You twittered about, and fidgeted, and flushed up as if I really was a smuggler. So I was? What had that to do with it? It wasn't the part of a husband, I think, to fidget in that way, and show it. You couldn't help it? Humph! And you call yourself a person of strong mind, I believe? One of the lords of the creation! Ha! ha! couldn't help it!

"But I may do all I can to save the money, and this is always my reward. Yes, Mr. Caudle, I shall save a great deal. How much? I sha'n't tell you: I know your meanness—you'd want to stop it out of the house allowance. No: it's nothing to you where I got the money from to buy so many things. The money was my own. Well, and if it was yours first, that's nothing to do with it. No; I haven't saved it out of the puddings. But it's always the woman who saves who's despised. It's only your fine-lady wives who're properly thought of. If I was to ruin you, Caudle, then you'd think something of me.

"I sha'n't go to sleep. It's very well for you, who're no sooner in bed than you're fast as a church; but I can't sleep in that way. It's my mind keeps me awake. And after all, I do feel so happy to-night, it's very hard I can't enjoy my thoughts. No: I can't think in silence! There's much enjoyment in that to be sure! I've no doubt now you could listen to Miss Prettyman—oh, I don't care, I will speak. It was a little more than odd, I think, that she should be on the jetty when the boat came in. Ha! she'd been looking for you all the morning with a telescope, I've no doubt—she's bold enough for anything. And then how she sneered and giggled when she saw me, and said 'How fat I'd got': like her impudence, I think. Well! Well she might? But I know what she wanted; yes—she'd have liked to have had me searched. She laughed on purpose.

"I only wish I'd taken two of the dear girls with me. What things I could have stitched about 'em! No—I'm not ashamed of myself to make my innocent children smugglers: the more innocent they looked, the better; but there you are with what you call your principles again; as if it wasn't given to everybody by nature to smuggle. I'm sure of it—it's born with us. And nicely I've cheated 'em this day. Lace and velvet and silk stockings—to say nothing of the tumbler and doaners. No: I didn't look as if I wanted a direction, for fear somebody should break me. That's another of what you call your jokes; but you should keep 'em for those who like 'em. I don't.

"What have I made after all? I have told you—you shall never know. Yes, I know you'd been

finned a hundred pounds if they'd searched me; but I never meant that they should. I dare say you wouldn't smuggle—oh, no! you don't think it worth your while. You're quite a conjurer, you are, Caudle. Ha! ha! ha! What am I laughing at? Oh, you little know—such a clever creature! Ha! ha! Well, now, I'll tell you. I knew what an unaccommodating animal you were, so I made you smuggle whether or not. How? Why, when you were out at the café, I got your great rough coat, and if I didn't stitch ten yards of the best black velvet under the lining I'm a sinful woman! And to see how innocent you looked when the officers walked round and round you! It was a happy moment, Caudle, to see you.

"What do you call it? A shameful trick—unworthy of a wife? I couldn't care much for you? As if I didn't prove that by trusting you with ten yards of velvet. But I don't care what you say: I've saved everything—all but that beautiful English novel, that I've forgot the name of. And if they didn't take it out of my hand, and chopped it to bits like so much dog's meat. Served me right? And when I so seldom buy a book! No: I don't see how it served me right. If you can buy the same book in France for four shillings that people here have the impudence to ask more than a guinea for—well, if they do steal it, that's their affair, not ours. As if there was anything in a book to steal!

"And now, Caudle, when are you going home? What? Our time isn't up? That's nothing to do with it. If we even lose a week's lodging—and we mayn't do that—we shall save it again in living. But you're such a man! Your home's the last place with you. I'm sure I don't get a wink of a night, thinking what may happen. Three fires last week; and any one might as well have been at our house as not. No—they mightn't! Well, you know what I mean—but you're such a man!

"I'm sure, too, we've had quite enough of this place. But there's no keeping you out of the libraries, Caudle. You're getting quite a gambler. And I don't think it's a nice example to set to your children, raffling as you do for French clocks and I don't know what. But that's not the worst; you never win anything. Oh, I forgot. Yes; a needle-case, that under my nose you gave to Miss Prettyman. A nice thing for a married man to make presents: and to such a creature as that, too. A needle-case! I wonder whenever she has a needle in her hand!

"I know I shall feel ill with anxiety if I stop here. Nobody left in the house but that Mrs. Closepeg. And she is such a stupid woman. It is only last night that I dreamt that I saw our cat quite a skeleton, and the canary stiff on its back at the bottom of the cage. You know, Caudle, I'm never happy when I'm away from home; and yet you will stay here. No, home's my comfort; I never want to stir over the threshold, and you know it. If thieves were to break in, what could that Mrs. Closepeg do against 'em? And so, Caudle, you'll go home on Saturday? Our dear—dear home! On Saturday, Caudle?"

"What I answered," says Caudle, "I forget; but I know that on the Saturday we were once again shipped on board the Red Rover."

Why is a wife like a newspaper? Answer next month. No, we'll give it now. Because every man should have one of his own without borrowing his neighbor's.

Those who think with Sir Philip Sidney, that "it is better to write the songs for the people than to make their laws," should purchase Oliver Ditson's most opportune publication of the "Songs of the People." It consists of 100 Irish songs, 100 of the choicest Scotch songs, and 100 of the raciest comic songs. They are elegantly printed, and form a very agreeable reading matter to take into the country.

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A VERY pleasant little ceremony took place at the close of last week in Philadelphia, which consisted in the presentation of a handsome gold watch and chain to Mr. Chas. A. Gillespie, on his retiring from the position of chief clerk to the Assessor of Internal Revenue

for the first district of that city. It was a token from his brother officials, demonstrative of their regard for the sterling qualities of the man and their regret at losing him as an associate. The presentation took place at the dwelling of his brother-in-law, the eminent lawyer, Mr. Daniel Doherty, and was entrusted to the hands of Mr. G. F. Ormsby, one of the Assistant Assessors in the same district, who made it in a neat little speech, which must have been more than gratifying to the recipient, upon whom he uttered a warm and well-merited eulogium.

"Blessed be the man who first invented sleep," quoth Sancho Panza. Sleep has often been "murdered," not in Macbeth's case only, but in many modern instances, by Indigestion, Nervous Disorders, Headache, and a host of other complaints. For all such there is a remedy, and sufferers may now exclaim, "Blessed be the man who invented PLANTATION BITTERS!" This delicious Cordial and fine Tonic is now hailed by millions as the great Health Giver and Restorer. Resolve to buy a bottle, and don't "sleep on it." "Be wise in time."

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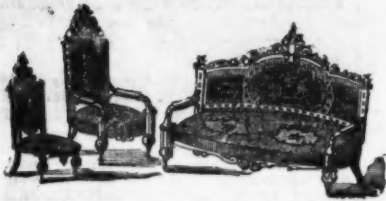
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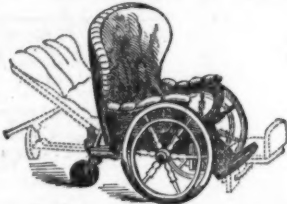
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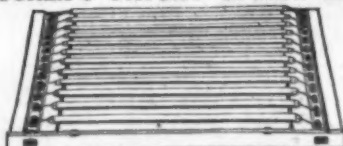
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